WOODWIND

An Arts Paper Washington, D.C. 25¢

WoodWind -
VOLUME I, NUMBER 8

And these are the people -
Julie Feit, Mary Reed, Steve Wheelton
Dorcter R. Olivier, Harold C. Grandy,
Ruth Stenstrom, Hans M. Gresser, Robin Callison,
Alberto Miore, Ron Willis, Jay Silverman
Dave Watt, Mark Loewunger, Raeder,
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- Peace -

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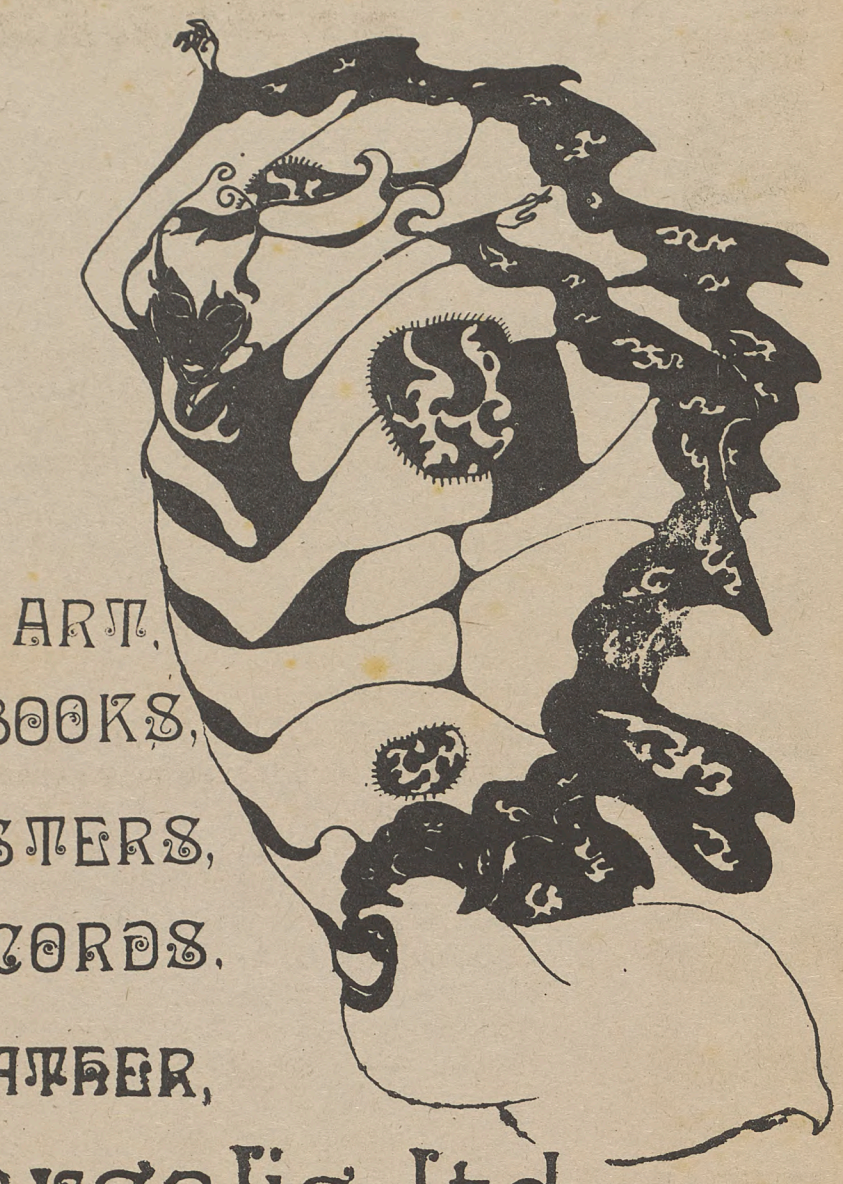
BI-WEEKLY



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THE D.C. GAZETTE

PEOPLE ON THE STREETS

Perhaps surprisingly, the Washington-Baltimore area has recently become a mecca for small publications. Coming out in either magazine or newspaper formats, there now exist a dozen forums for local writers and artists. The following is a brief survey and some info:

Newest and one of the finest publications is a magazine called "People on the Streets". A free and open community enterprise all the way, it features in equal proportion poetry and photography. Generally, the material chosen for publication is of high quality. Poems are not bunched together, and there is the overriding feeling of ease. Photo reproduction and layout are both excellent. The first issue has just come out and is available in bookstores, shops, and stands. Future issues may appear in different forms, such as a poster, etc.

The Third Ear is Washington's first and only music magazine. With five issues out, it has established a very together combination of layout and content. Emphasis is on in-depth stories and interviews with such greats as Tom Paxton, the Airplane and Bob Dylan. Music covered runs from rock and folk to jazz, classical and electronic. Also included are graphics and photos by local artists.

The Chesepeake Weekly Review of Arts and Literature is a brand new tabloid out of Baltimore that covers the same general ground as WOODWIND, except the emphasis is alittle more on books and galleries. Very good writers and very clean layout.

Politically the town is flooded with quality papers.

OFF OUR BACKS is the paper put out by the Women's Liberation Movement and feature analytic and searching articles on the psychosexual revolution. This is the kind of paper that is particularly important to male readers because an equal proportion of change must come from the male populace.

Quicksilver Times is back on the streets after a slight schism, and slowly seems to be working its way back to the excellence of last fall fall. The need for the existence of an undergrounf press in Washington is all too obvious, and since the passing of the Free Press, Quicksilver has filled the void.

The schism of March led to the founding of Voice from the Mother Country, now called Red Earth. Red Earth is till looking for its style, while its content reflects the international aspects of revolution. Quicksilver on the other hand, is more nationally and locally oriented, with cultural features also.

WAFU-The Tin Drum is the Free University's course catalogue, also containing occasional discourses and poetry.

HARRY, out of Baltimore, is a well-written undergrounder, particularly sensitive to Baltimore's community.

The DC Gazette is probably the best Washington paper in relation to local community problems and political analysis. The tone of this paper is decidedly intelligent, particularly the writings of Editor Sam Smith and Mal Kovacks. Gazette writers Joel Siegel and Andrea Cohen cover the arts for Sam, and Tom Shales dissects whatever he can masterfully. The Gazette is probably the best non-establishment paper in town.

And last but not least, there WOODWIND.

QUICKSILVER TIMES

Washington Area Free University

catalog

marjorie in passing

before
the buttercup whitened
she did not know for certain about her wood
carvings
delicate
yet imperfect
as swans on land.
slivers of wood in her stockings
gathered together
on reddened hardwood.
sandlewood touches her longing lightly
her deepweed lighted mind.
she lives to suffer
pausing to love me
many of her carvings end in beginnings
or with spells.
wood slivers
everywhere in sight
a bell and horn along beacon street tonight
morning dew
a stairway home in loneliness surge
marjorie passes where shadows merge.

eagles

batteries of eagles on the baked horizon,
midnight open sun.
signs lost in december
enclose vague waters
yet are drawn
by sand
to the open spaces.

Rimbaud City

Rapacious city
tuned with celestial filigree tiers
embanked flotsam
baroque urinals
light/ high aluminum and ivory squares
embroidered wasserfalls chanting for
faltering fishmarkets.
Unique extensions of mind.
weepus/keepus glee conducted nimrod chorus
sending a spiders polluted breath outward to time,
in touch with a simple motion
wrought with fuming wire.
seaweed fire is a fingers touch to the city clock
in the vanishing of a snow flake.
Immense city
dwarfing immense thought in percolated light
terraced in voltage of green satin.

zeit

clockmakers toiling wanly
in
thinair wooden houses
setting minds
to sound

with
blue peaked time.

beyond the sky and
and minds eye vision
in the void
projection/ retention
the sacred perfects itself.

anyplace

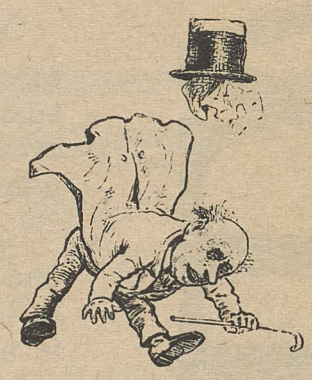
we walk in panned states of time
and astral harmonies
forming our fugues to the willow branches
by muddy waters.
anyplace is good to begin
an abandoned boxcar
ourselves
younger

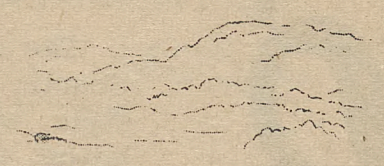
freer

exploring an auto graveyard escaped to from kindergarten

syncopated child

skating on oblate seas of rusted silver.





take:clown

nose towed
no one behind or in front
skating on accams razor
searing the guts of birds
or systems
shriveled Everyman trembles
in the fall of his snat function with
shadows sprawling
the appaling
curved light shaft city.
The ghost of science has quietly abandoned humanity
eating stuffed wine leaves at the parlor
social atoms momemtarily drift
Antaeus dons a gas mask
asking Popeye for a can of napalm
distorted in the magic mirror.
Chiricos bones gleam white
for the roadrunner
for maghreb maggots
swarming in semi opaque cheese.
But upstairs a cry is heard
constellations of redemption
in words.

POEMS BY HANS M CRESER

Dark breathes the night, musty fumes pervading,
infiltrating, defiling.

Many voices murmuring the phrases, repetitiously
reaching towards. . . . .

Silence is the enemy, the merciless despoiler
of passion, love, likes.

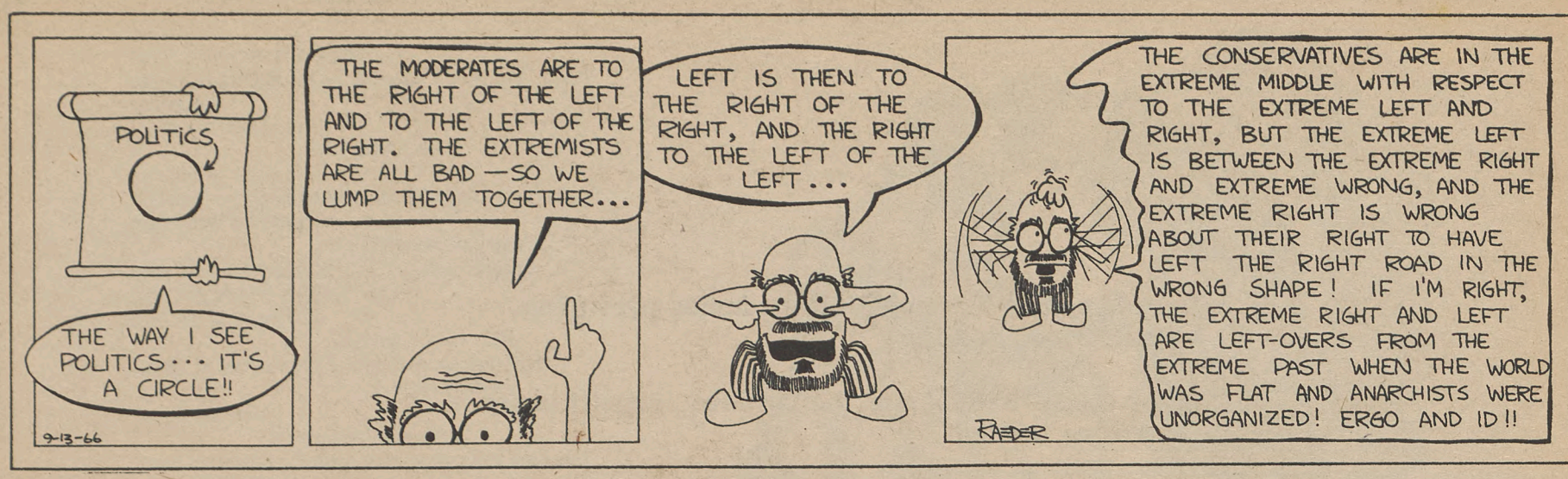
Fear he who with a closed tongue bespeaks his
unmouthed thoughts.

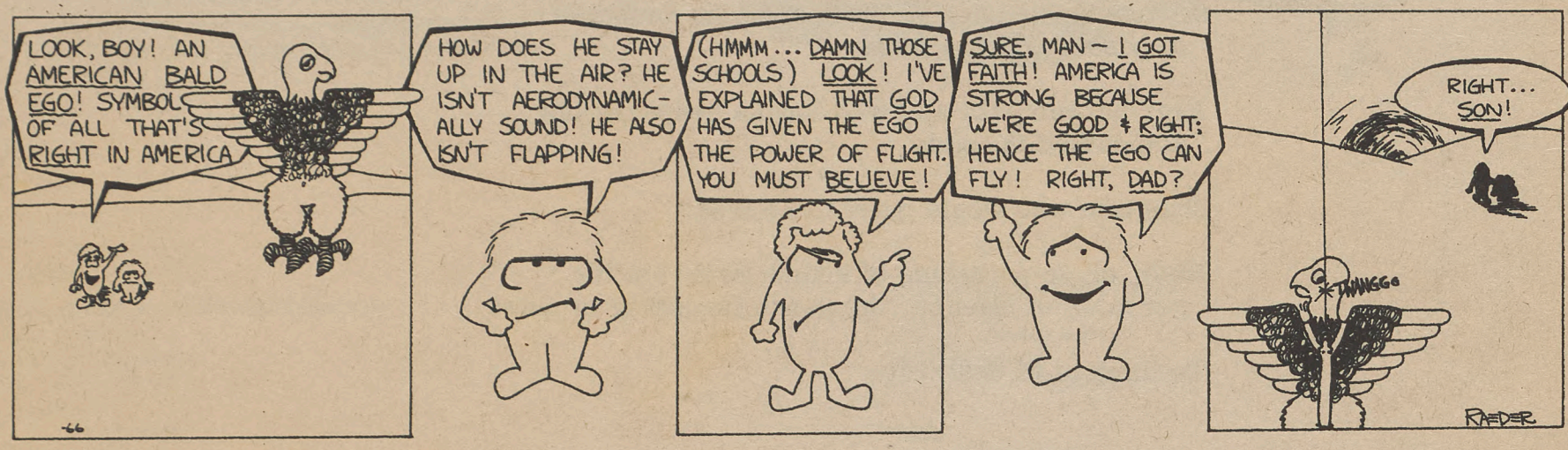
Shun him who would quiet the words.

Rise, oh ye multitude of sound; override the
screams of silence, the harsh throbbing of quiet.

To think is to desiccate.

Poem by Julie


POLITICS
THE WAY I SEE POLITICS ··· IT'S A CIRCLE!!
9-13-66
THE MODERATES ARE TO THE RIGHT OF THE LEFT AND TO THE LEFT OF THE RIGHT. THE EXTREMISTS ARE ALL BAD — SO WE LUMP THEM TOGETHER...
LEFT IS THEN TO THE RIGHT OF THE RIGHT, AND THE RIGHT TO THE LEFT OF THE LEFT...
THE CONSERVATIVES ARE IN THE EXTREME MIDDLE WITH RESPECT TO THE EXTREME LEFT AND RIGHT, BUT THE EXTREME LEFT IS BETWEEN THE EXTREME RIGHT AND EXTREME WRONG, AND THE EXTREME RIGHT IS WRONG ABOUT THEIR RIGHT TO HAVE LEFT THE RIGHT ROAD IN THE WRONG SHAPE! IF I'M RIGHT, THE EXTREME RIGHT AND LEFT ARE LEFT-OVERS FROM THE EXTREME PAST WHEN THE WORLD WAS FLAT AND ANARCHISTS WERE UNORGANIZED! ERGO AND ID!!
RAEDER


LOOK, BOY! AN AMERICAN BALD EGO! SYMBOL OF ALL THAT'S RIGHT IN AMERICA
'66
HOW DOES HE STAY UP IN THE AIR? HE ISN'T AERODYNAMICALLY SOUND! HE ALSO ISN'T FLAPPING!
(HMMM... DAMN THOSE SCHOOLS) LOOK! I'VE EXPLAINED THAT GOD HAS GIVEN THE EGO THE POWER OF FLIGHT. YOU MUST BELIEVE!
SURE, MAN — I GOT FAITH! AMERICA IS STRONG BECAUSE WE'RE GOOD & RIGHT; HENCE THE EGO CAN FLY! RIGHT, DAD?
RIGHT... SON!
TWANGG
RAEDER

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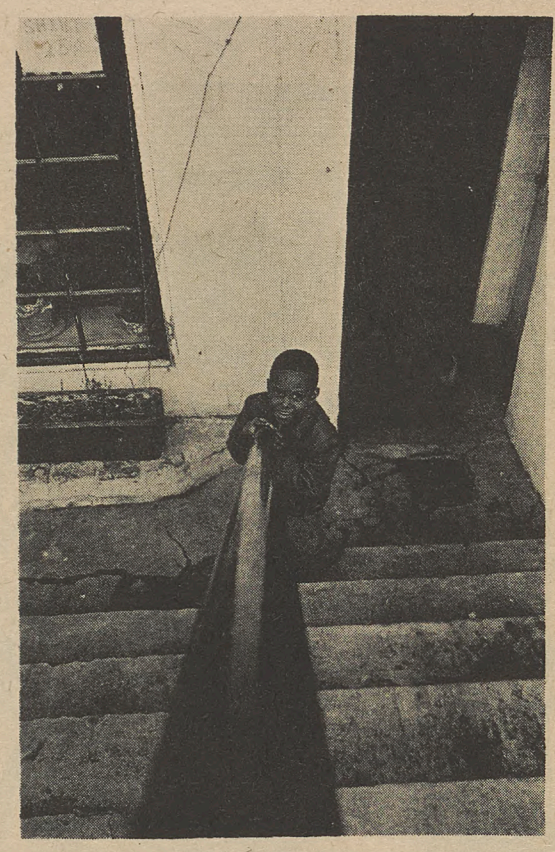

DRAMA

NO PLACE TO BE SOMEBODY
May 28 - July 5
"There is more to being Black than meets the eye."

The Arena Stage production of NO PLACE TO BE SOMEBODY brings an exciting and powerful expression of the urban Black American experience to Washington. Not only can one expect an evening of fine acting, with many superb characterizations, but also a play which has much to say about the contemporary racial crisis from a Black viewpoint.

It is impossible to give all the credit that is due to the outstanding success of this production. The play certainly lives up to the rave reviews it has received in New York. Originally produced and still playing on Off-Broadway, NO PLACE was written by Black playwright Charles Gordone and received this year's Pulitzer Prize for Drama.

The mode of the play is very much in the style of today's avant garde theatre--confrontation with the audience is implicit; symbolic characters and ideas are introduced outside of the context of the play's action; slides and sound create a milieu for the action on stage; and the dialogue holds nothing back. Yet the intelligence of the play is so extraordinary in its wit, humor, poetry, conviction and humaneness that you listen--because the actor's words and his actions say more than mere rhetoric; they convey with vivid reality an expression of the human condition of all of us as well as a study in depth of the roots of today's militancy and violence("They invented civil rights to keep people from getting on the right track.")

Charles Gordone is also a master of dramatic tensions. The play is textured with a variety of rhythms and abrupt changes of beat--from low-key humor to high-pitched conflict, from loud to soft, weakness to strength and love to hate. The rich interpretations of the intentions of the playwright can largely be attributed to Gilbert Moses, imported by Arena to direct NO PLACE. Moses who has credits as an actor journalist, guitarist and songwriter, is co-founder of the Free Southern Theatre, a radical Black professional company in New Orleans which has given opportunities to young Black artists and brought theatre to new audiences. His basic understanding of the subtext of NO PLACE gives us a full measure of the meat of the play and really tells it like it is.

The acting in NO PLACE is consistently excellent and one can truly feel the team effort and the vibrations of the interrelationships between the cast. Many of the performers are new (and very welcome) faces to Washington theatre.

Chuck Daniel, seen in CBS Playhouse's "Saturday Adoption" and an upcoming TV film "SFX", plays the light skinned Gabe Gabriel, narrator and participant in NO PLACE who is caught in the dilemna of defining his Black identity. He is an amiable character, offering a joint to the audience at the opening of the play, an aspiring actor who is turned down for roles(in such productions as a musical about slavery) because he isn't Black enough.

Mr. Daniel shows that his is an amazing talent as he captures the audience with his energy and imagination in his strong, poetic and often gospel-like monologues about the Black condition.

Gabe introduces us to the world of Johnny's Bar in New York City. Johnny,well-played by Robert Guillaume, is a hardened, cool young Black who came up on the streets and is awaiting the release of his mentor Sweets Crane from prison so that he can start his own syndicate operation. He has no qualms, as we soon learn, about using people, like his white girl friend Dee , a prostitute who has just about reached rock bottom, played by Gloria Maddox.

Arena regular Richard Bauer shines in his portrayal of Shanty Mulligan, a juiced up white loser in a Black world,employed by Johnny, who has illusions of being a great jazz drummer. His whole physical presence, drawl and "soul" movement create a believable character, unlike a stylized version one might expect. His performance reminds one of the calibre of work of Dustin Hoffman in Midnight Cowboy. One of the most engrossing scenes in the play is his metamorphosis before a set of drums.

Marilyn B. Coleman (raised in the North Philadelphia Ghetto) convincingly plays the responsible Cora Beasely, who approaching middle age is seeking the steady companionship of a man--at almost any cost. From getting high with Shanty to her pathos at being deserted, she truly conveys the soul of this character.

Other acting honors go to John Marriott as Sweets Crane, retired criminal, who provides many moments of comic tour-de-force picking pockets and eating soul food; Marjorie Lynne Feiner as a naive white liberal college graduate, who tells Johnny's patrons, "Haven't you heard the unions won't accept qualified Negroes?"; Jay Fletcher as Mel, a would-be dancer; and Robert Louis Stephens as Machine Dog, exhorting Johnny's conscious to Black solidarity and violent action.

Perhaps the most disturbing flaw of the play is the prolonged preachy rhetoric at the end. But this did not stop the audience from giving the play the first standing ovation I've seen at Arena.

Needless to say, this play must be seen.

Ruth Stenstrom

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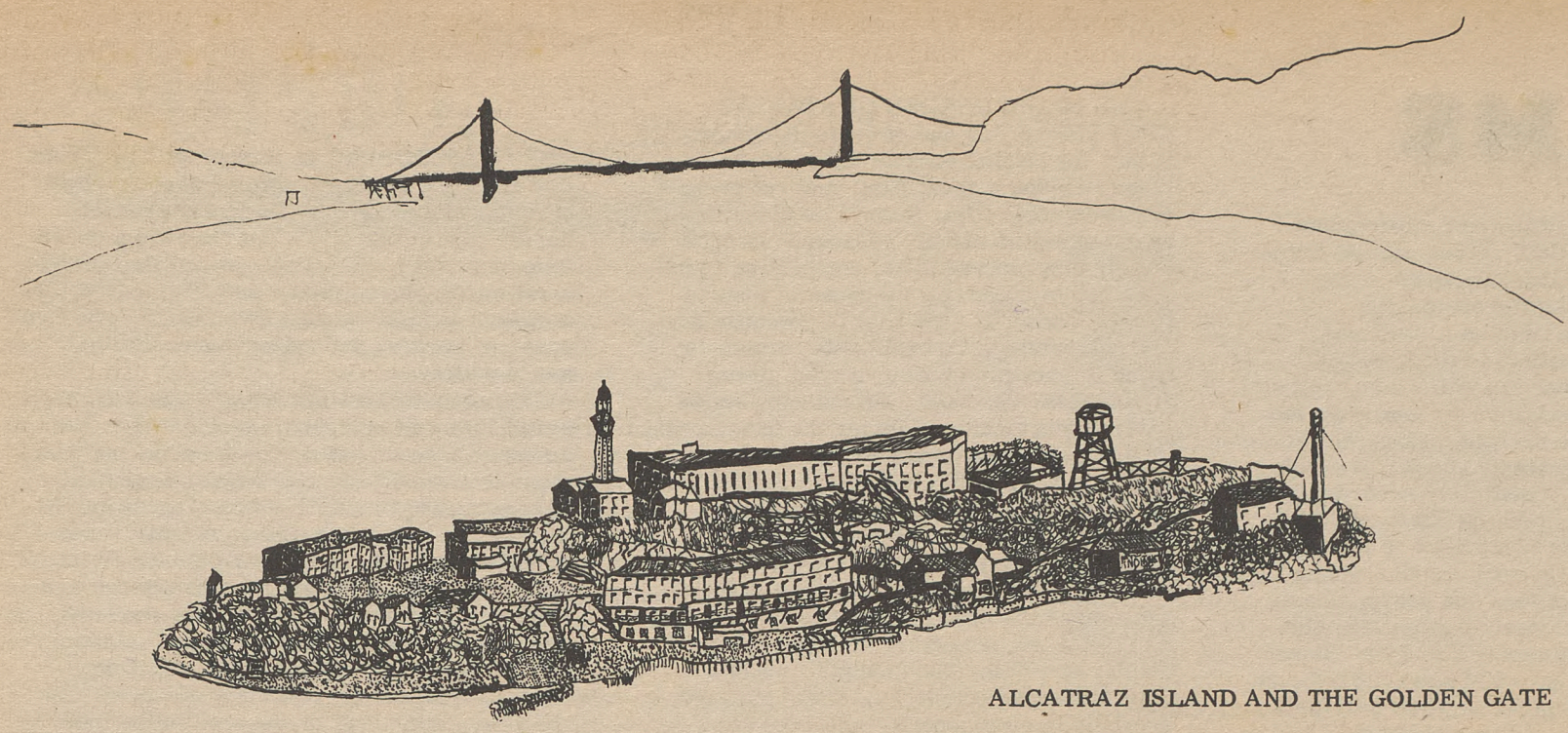


ALCATRAZ ISLAND AND THE GOLDEN GATE

ALCATRAZ AND the INDIANS

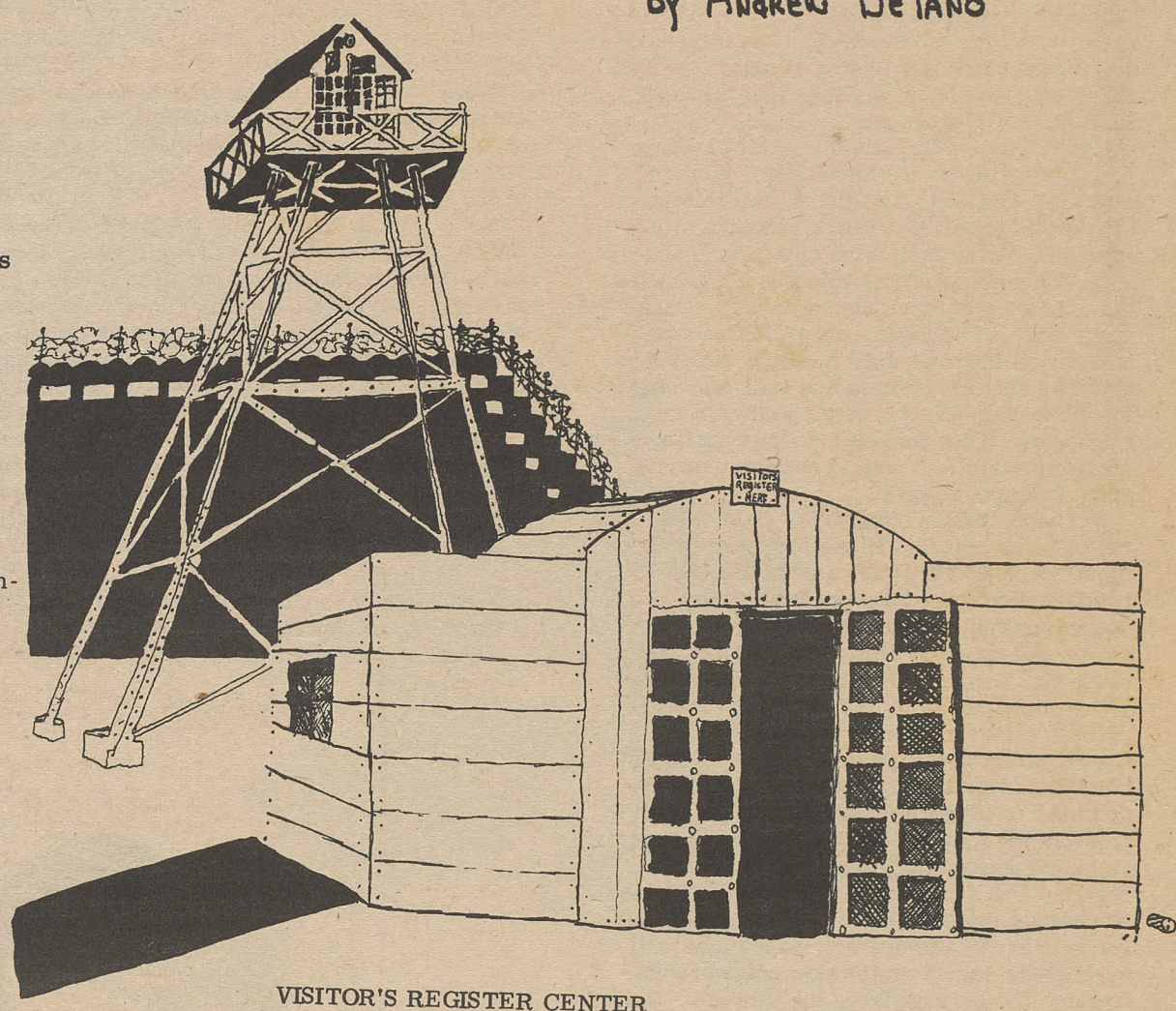
by Andrew Delano

Two months ago, I visited California and was in the San Fransisco Area for a week. I made it a point to try to visit Alcatraz, for I've been interested in the plight of the real American people for a long time. When I got to San Fransisco, I found that I could get the nes-secary pass at the office of the Indians of All Tribes at 4339 California Street. When I arrived there, I found that the Indians weren't anxious to have visitors on the island because some of the many visitors hadn't been too friendly. But I told them I wanted to do a picture article for WOODWIND, and they gave me a pass.

The next day I had to be at Fisherman's Wharf at 9:30 to take the Bass-Tub to the island. Also called "the Bathtub", it is a friendly fishing boat which ferries people to and from Alcatraz several times a day. Visitors are expected to make contributions to cover costs of the trip. I went over with two girls who work on the island, and we rapped for a while about the movement.

When we got there, there was a crowd of people waiting for the barge, as it is also used to haul fresh water to the island. Upon landing, I had to go to the Visitor's Registration Center and sign my name in the book and give in my pass.

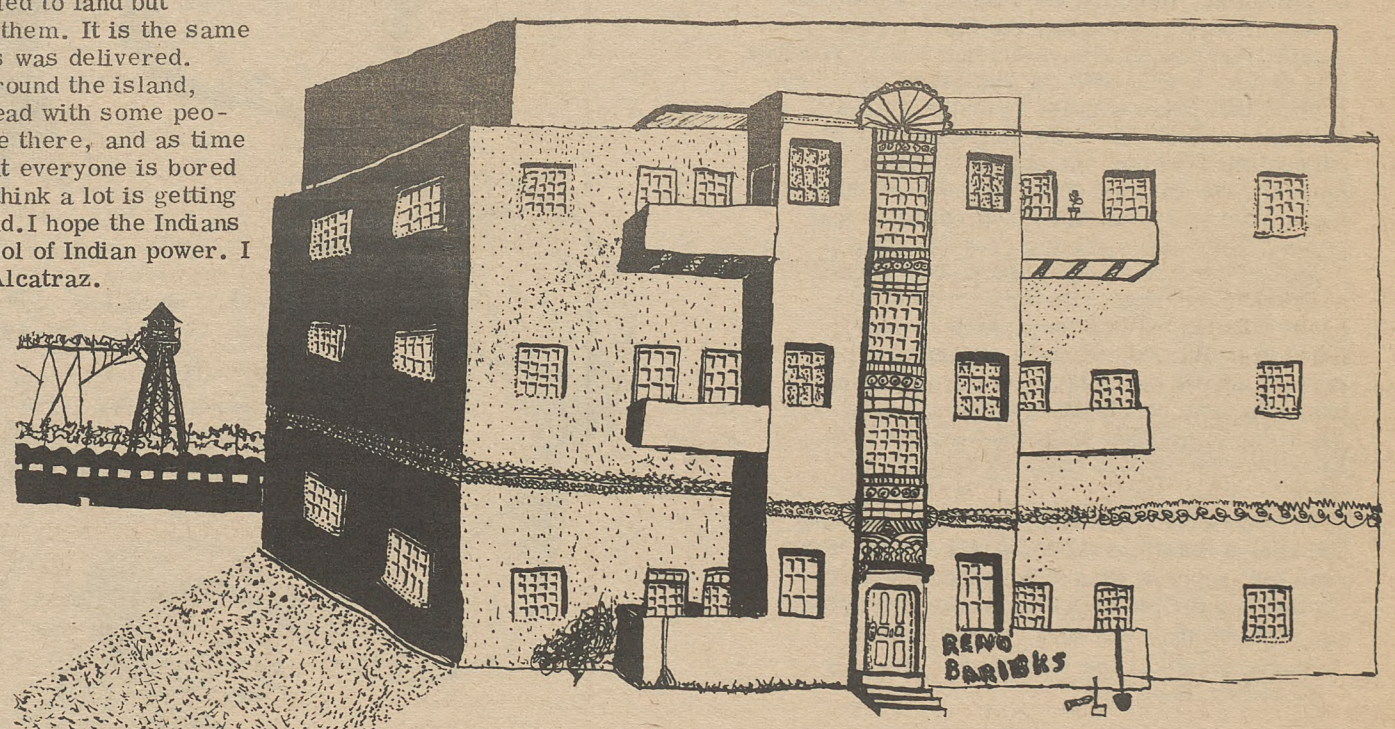
Alcatraz is full of the barbed wire watchtowers and prison buildings which are reminders of man's inhumanity to man. Nature is softening these structures with green vegetation. What was surprising was that the majority of buildings were apartments that used to be occupied by prison guards. The Indians are using most of these for their living space and for their school, which is staffed by volunteers, some of them Ph.D.'s from California Universities. The Indians have also added some things of their own like the Visitor's Register Center(a pleasing, simple structure), an amazing huge canvas teepee, and a sweatbath. This looks from the outside as if it were four feet high and six feet in circumference, and only big enough for half a person. Actually it is quite roomy on the inside. The Indians have painted PEACE ON EARTH on a large chimney and have also painted over a government warning sign to read "UNITED INDIAN-LAND---WELCOME."



VISITOR'S REGISTER CENTER

I was sent to the Reno Barracks to meet my Island contact, Charles Dana, but he was busy and sent me down to "Stella's". Stella is head of the clinic on the island. We talked for a long time about subjects like voting and freedom of the press. I saw a lot of the Island with James, a young resident to whom Stella introduced me. He showed me the place where the Coast Guard tried to land but couldn't because the residents stopped them. It is the same place where a large donation of clothes was delivered.

Much of the day was spent walking around the island, sketching and sharing some French bread with some people and a duck. I was really happy to be there, and as time went on, I felt at home. People say that everyone is bored stiff and nothing is getting done, but I think a lot is getting done just by people staying on the island. I hope the Indians get to keep Alcatraz as a definite symbol of Indian power. I still have a lot of thinking to do about Alcatraz.



RENO BARRACKS

Andrew Delano is a 13-year old native of Washington. He is perhaps best known as one of the leaders and inspirations of the Stop the Bridge movement of recent months, and is quite well known around town.

10

FIIMS

A typical example of the new movie genre is FELLINI-SATYRICON, which engulfs the viewer in a flood of visual impulses more aesthetically than mentally stimulating. Aesthetic stimulation implies a continuum ranging from the repellent to the beautiful. From its opening scene, in which a shy feminine bride is revealed to be a young boy, the film incorporates the current maxim that to be chic one must repeatedly shock and revolt one's audience. And it definitely suceeds, for the overwhelming impression left by the film is that Roman life eas comprised of debaucherie, over-painted, ignorant middle-aged people, protruding tongues and perspiration.

As SATYRICON's loosely constructed plot follows a blond youth named Encolpius through such misadventures as would age a lesser man, a certain feeing of deja vu mellows into the realization that many of these exploits are from the Jason and Ulysses legends. This synthesis at first appears to be an attempt to create the Ultimate or Super-Epic, but Fellini's goal is the opposite; his sketchy, condensed episodes arouse no sympathy for the protaganist, implying there are no heroes.

Any movie involving the fall of an unhappy, undisciplined people invites comparison with today's world, but if the theme is taken as such Fellini's prognosis is bleak. When Caesar, the symbol of the country's degeneracy, is killed by his own troops, Rome's situation worsens as soldiers unsystematically exterminate the upper classes (easily recognizable by their blue and green paimted skin.) Encolpius, whose impotency parrallels his country's demise, decides that he must leave Italy so he joins a ship of Greek sailors, and roams the seas until he dies. Referring to, these sailors while fading into part of a mural on the ruin of a stone wall, his last words are "They told us that in years to come we would..." and everyone mentally adds "become a legend".

Perhaps certain subtleties would have emerged as relevant if one had read the book from which SATYRICON was taken, but reading should not be a prerequisite to understanding a movie; and with no preparation one can only deduce that it, like others of its ilk, was meant to be seen while stoned and enjoyed solely by the senses on a basic, primitive level. Filmed with lenses and filters which carefully destroy any semblance of realism, the scenes are deliberatly sporadic to eliminate sympathetic involvement. In the first half of the movie, the color red predominates, with sacrificial blood, velvet robes and flaming skies presaging the assassination of Caesar. Then the emphasis turns to greys and browns, punctuated only by Fellinis use of pastel skin colors to distinguish the corrupt from the innocent. (Only Encolpius, the slaves and a few others appear in natural light with normal skin tones.)

Unforunately this New Movie style panders to an increasingly self-indulgent segment of the cinema audience which wants to sit passively while the mind wanders through a kaleidoscope of sensual stimulants---a less extreme form of the malady infecting the Romans in the film.

But, despite its faults, the touch of the master director is always evident in SATYRICON. The picture brims with the rythms of life---ryt rythms that pulse frantically under Fellini's guidance. All is noise: the long passages of untranslated Italian, the chants during a funeral rehearsal for the king, and the open market aura of a corridor of prostitutes and pimps. There are babbling crowds, nude at religious ceremonies and elabotately garbed at drunken banquets; and these crowds are never relaxed, always perspiring. Finally there is death, the ultimate reality of the cycle...shown in a spectrum ranging from beheading and cannibalism to pure poetry (as when Eumolphus wills the seasons to Encolpius for lack of anything tangible to give.)

Perhaps SATYRICON should teach us what disasters befall an immoral, poorly-governed society; perhaps we should further note the possible outcome of an unplanned revolution; bu undoubtedly, we must recognize that perceptibility of the New Movie alters if we attend it stoned.

THE MAGIC GARDEN OF STANLEY SWEETHEART is one of those maddening films. Maddening because it is always so close to being a great film, and yet overall it is a terrible film. It can't be classified as a youth-film simply because it is not a solidly biographical film. Perporting to be a record of a growing up phase of Stanley in New York City, the film is painfully coy and patronizing. To begin with, Stanley's name is horribly chosen, a silly attempt at cuteness. Secondly, the director shows little understanding of either the drug scene or the free sexual attitudes of some of today's youth. Both conceptions reflect an old man's pipe dreams, not an aware director's empathy. Where the film does succeed, at least closely, is in its direction and dissection of a boy-girl relationship where the boy is experienced and the girl is the All-American virtuous lady. Stanley and Kathy (the good girl) make a very attractive couple, and their moments previous to consumnation are very truthful and honest. The tension and frustration, the fright and the shyness are all there, and the empathy between the two is very fine.

Stanley's casual withdrawal from school, his drifting into the drug scene, and his character disintegration are all too superficially conceived. For instance, after his break-up with Kathy, he becomes a dirty-spaced-out cat, affecting Marlon Brando toughness, the kind of toughness that is designed to shield an inward hurt. The shallowness of these scenes, along with the supposedly free sexual scenes, form the major weaknesses of the film.

Now, what is frustrating about the occasional flashes of brilliance or near-brilliance that keep occuring throughout the film is that they are never developed enough. The appearance of the musician Danny at first seems unimportant, but later his presence becomes a major force. One particular conversation between him and Stanley reflects an understanding of sorts that is sadly lacking through the rest of the film. Danny's singing and empathy endear him to the viewer at this point, but a shattering, cannabilistic scene at a rock club weakens that feeling, and a final hunting party shatters us completely.

The use of language is really well-done, not self-indulgence (as with the sexual encounters). There is an honest used of so-called "obscenity" which is such an integral part of our expressive vocabulary.

THE GRASSHOPPER is another of those films that irritates by its occasional shortcomings, but pleases in general. It is an essentially honest look at one girl's downfall from dream to hard reality. Potentially one of Hollywood's most cliche ridden plots, this film avoids the standard pitfalls through director KJerry Paris' sense of reality, and editor Aaren Stell's sharp editing.

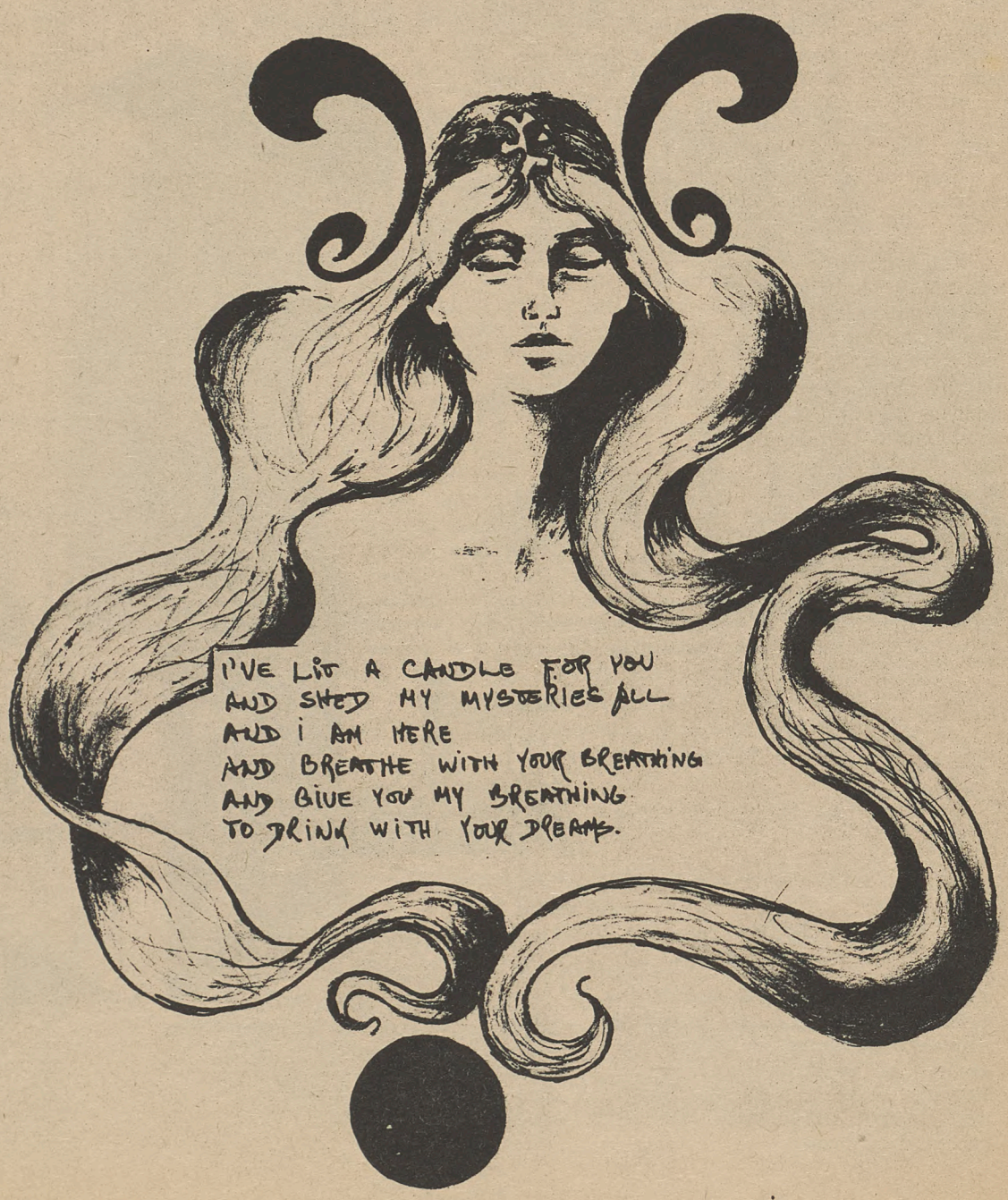
The story follows Christine's flight from a small town, first to Los Angeles (where she soon splits from a dull boyfriend she had gone there to live with) to Las Vegas (where she becomes a chorus girl, eventually leading to further and more interesting situations and relatioships). The film is at its best in its ability to capture the grueling life of the Las Vegas chorus lines, with its gays and straights working easily together, under a stern and demanding discipline. The actual drabness, the necessary plasticity of smiles, the adulation of the bust as opposed to the individual, the basically one-directional sexual attitudes of the habitues of Las Vegas are well captured by Paris.

Jacqueline Bisset portrays Christine, perhaps in too refined a fashion for the character she is supposed to be. She is truly one of the beauties of today's films, and as an actress she is at least adequate, and she seems to understand her role quite well. Some of her best moments in the film reflect her basic comedic talents (as in one scene where she gets a country pilot stoned and induces him to sky-write a gigantic obscenity.)

Jim Brown is also in this picture, and he is somewhat type-cast as the ex-pro great (football, of course) who (in the movie) is again typed and given a job in a new Las Vegas hotel as "vice-president in charge of shaking hands". While Brown is no great actor, he has a simple, straightforward delivery which adds a contextual believability to his role. His affair and marriage to Christine seem, in retrospect, honest and uncomplicated, quite close to real life.

The film is no breakthrough for American cinema, but it is an intelligent, well-made film, the kind that can easily be enjoyed.

RH


I'VE LIT A CANDLE FOR YOU
AND SHED MY MYSTERIES ALL
AND i AM HERE
AND BREATHE WITH YOUR BREATHING
AND GIVE YOU MY BREATHING
TO DRINK WITH YOUR DREAMS.

SHAPIRO hassell &rosenboom

Music and non-western philosophies seem to be working together for some composers. John Cage has his Zen, and many younger composers who were originally inspired by Cage have now changed their trains of thought. A leader in the early phases of this process was La Monte Young, who found John Cage's example stimulating to the point of striking out in search of its opposite. Young's personality leads him toward Hindu/oriented musical constructs, rather than Zen/oriented ones. Whereas Cage strives to embrace the world and erase for himself the lines of distinction between music, theater, and arts on the one hand- and all the rest of the universe on the other;Young strives to enhance concentration of one thing. Young and his wife have gathered about them through time a number of like-minded musicians who share this orientation.

Certainly the most popularly successful of Young's musical progeny is Terry Riley. Along with the concentration and long-windedness which La Monte Young fashioned out of John Cage's liberating example, Terry Riley gathered a number of other musical and personal virtues together and produced most notably a pair of recordings for Columbia, as well as films, scores, performances, and influence. Among Riley's various raw materials are his interest in ragtime, electronic music, and Indian Music. His two discs are beautiful.

Enough time has passed since these things have begun for Riley himself now has influence of his own. Three young musicians have been interacting with him and producing their respective works for a kind of happy and enjoyable piece of his own, named TERRY RILEY PRESENTS PAPA NOGOOD'S PHANTOM BAND PURPLE MODAL STROBED ECSTASY WITH THE DAUGHTERS OF DESTRUCTION. There's a title.

Riley's three friends have now decidéd to drop in on Washington. They will be at the ballroom of George Washington's (University) new student center complex at 800 21st street NW on the nights of Thursday, June 18th and Friday, June 19th. Both nights begin at 8, but Friday goes until 2 AM. If you attend GW, it's $1; if not, $2.

David Rosenboon is amere babe. He is but 22 or 23, and already he is ratting around the country with Terry Riley and the Phantom Band. His orientation, like Riley's, is' reminiscent of some rock attitudes, particularly if viewed by means of his titles. Typical is Then We Wound Through an Aura of Golden Yellow Gauze. That certainly gives a different impression from Sonata for Violin and Piano in G Sharp Minor Opus137, number 17, doesn't it?Another piece is called To That Predestined Dancing Place. It was videotaped by Don Pennebaker for the National Educational Television network. Other pieces include Urboui; The Thud, Thud, Thud of Suffocating Blackness: She Loves Me, She Loves Me Not; And Come Up Dripping.

Rosenboom's Washington piece has my favorite title of all of his; How Much Better If Plymouth Rock Had Landed On the Pilgrims. It is influenced by Riley, and it involves classical music of India and computer sounds. I am looking forward to it.

John Hassell has not only played Riley on the Columbia Lp of In C, but he has also studied with Karleinz Stockhausen. This diversity of background gives an idea of Hassell's orientation. He has been interested in acoustic environments, and more or less "theatrical" events and spaces. His piece is called Western Electric Action Pack. It will use subtle rythmic variations to simulate and explore the performance room's reverbrations.

Gerald Shapiro's From the Yellow Castle will be the second half of the first nights performance. It is an action piece, in which the audience participates directly in making the event. The philosophy is different from some of the more well-publocized artists' "happenings", however. The sounds and actions are not designed to be haphazard, overwhelming, and saturating. Chaos is not the aim.

Washington, D.C. has occasionally been the site for excursions into the hinterlands by New-York-based or West Coast -based "way out" musicians. Usually it has been disastrous in several ways. I for one found the NOW festival pf a few years back exciting only because all the truly big names of Pop Art were around. Otherwise it was a bit of a drag except that a few things happened here in Washington that were later to be notorious in art journals, etc. Early this year there were two more musical events at the Smithsonian which were real duds. They were part of the music-theater alliance which has sprung from John Cage's Zen-inspired crusade for everything in everything. Well, Morton Subotnick and Loran Carrier included several kitchen sinks apiece and all to no avail.

Hanging tight to the limb I am out on, I will predict hopefully that this concert series of two, entitled overall: It Take A Year One Earth to Go Around the Sun, will be totally unlike these earlier precedents for Washington. The composer's names are not famous, so snob appeal will not dilute or pollute our enjoyment. I think there will be plenty of fun and happiness. I will be there at 8 on Thursday and for a good long time during the 6 hours(8 until 2) "Come When You Are" arrangement on Friday night. I encourage you to join me.

TICKETS AT EMERGENCY, MAXIMUS, 6TH SENSE, CHRYSALIS, SOLAR PLEXUS.

Stephen Allen Whealton

?

Rock roars at death
the true generation gap
fat boojwaa ladies who
send their sons off to war
selling their scions into slavery
to keep them FREE
oh, bury me in lead my boys
so no Resurrection men in yamulkas
can sell me body to the mummy dealers
or my soul to the fuzz
the gassy smell from Dupont Circle
wised up a few
musn't not the country
where the Attorney General's
wife blows pot be good and strong?
Ah Lovely war
where would we be without thee
no Sopwith Camels
no poison gas
no graves with the
skeleton arms stretched
up saying
My God what have
you
done
to ME??????????? ?????? ??????

Ronald J. Willis

RIVER FULL OF RAINDROPS

As I sit and gaze out my window,
I see the rain falling down in little
drops.
Each so little and alone.
But together they make a mighty
River.
I am a small raindrop,
But with my companions I shall turn into that
River.
It will flow swiftly and sparkle
For its path is paved,
And along the way it will gather other
Raindrops.

Joy Silverman

FOUR CHANGES

GARY SNYDER

1 POPULATION

The Condition

position: Man is but a part of the fabric of life -- dependent of course on the whole fabric for his very existence, and also responsible to it. As the most highly developed tool-using animal, he must recognize that the evolutionary destinies (unknown)/of other life forms are to be respected, and act as gentle steward of the earth's community of being.

situation: There are now too many human beings, and the problem is growing rapidly worse. It is potentially disastrous not only for the human race but for most other life forms.

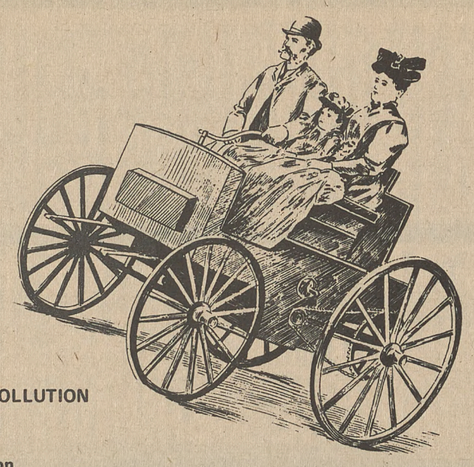
goal: The goal would be half of the present world population or less.

Action

social/political: Legalize abortion, encourage vasectomy and sterilization (provided free by clinics) -- remove income tax deductions for more than two children above a specified income level, and scale it so that lower income families are forced to be careful too. Take a vigorous stand against the Catholic church and any other institutions that exercise an irresponsible political force in regard to this question; work ceaselessly to make all political problems be seen and solved in the light of this prime problem.

the community: Explore other social structures and marriage forms, such as group marriage and polyandrous marriage which provide family life but which produce less children. Share the pleasure of raising children widely, so that all need not directly reproduce to enter into this basic human experience. Let no two persons produce more than two children. Adopt children. Let reverence for life and for the feminine mean also a reverence for other species, most of which are threatened.

our own heads: "I am a child of all life; and all living beings are my brothers and sisters, my children and grandchildren. & there is a child within me waiting to be brought to birth, the baby of a new and wiser self." Love, love-making, a male and a female together, seen as the vehicle of mutual realization, where the creation of new selves and new worlds of beings is as important as making babies.



2 POLLUTION

The Condition

position: Pollution is an excess production of substances which cannot be absorbed or transmuted rapidly enough to offset their introduction, thus causing changes the cycle is not prepared for. All organisms have wastes and by-products, and these are indeed part of the total eco-system; energy is passed along the line and refracted in various ways, "the rainbow body." This is cycling, not pollution.

situation: The human race in the last century has allowed its production and dissemination of wastes, by-products and various chemical substances to become excessive. Pollution is directly harming the eco-system. It is alsd ruining the environemnt in very direct ways for humanity itself.

goal: Clean air, clean clear-running rivers, the Presence of Pelicans and Ospreys in our lives, unmuddied language and good dreams.

Action

social/political: Waste and by-product quantity must be reduced. Strong legislation controlling DDT and related pesticides with no fooling around. Direct exposure of the collusion of certain scientists, the pesticide industry, and agri-business in trying to block this legislation. Strong penalties for air and water pollution by industry. "Pollution is somebody's profit." Phase out petroleum fuels, explore all possible energy sources of a non-polluting nature: solar power. Tell the truth regarding atomic waste disposal and the threat it represents. Stop all germ and chemical warfare research and experimentation. Laws and sanctions encouraging the use of bio-degradable substances; and sanctions against wasteful use of paper, etc. which adds to the solid waste of cities. Determine methods of re-cycling solid urban waste, and re-cycling as a basic principle should inform all waste-disposal thinking.

the community: DDT and such: don't use them. Air pollution: use less cars. Cars pollute the air, and one or two people riding lonely in a huge car is an insult to intelligence and the Muse. Share rides, pick up hitchhikers, legalize hitchhiking and build hitchhiker waiting stations along the highways. Also -- as a step toward the new world -- walk more; look for the best routes through beautiful countryside for long-distance walking trips: San Francisco to Los Angeles down the Coast Range, for one. Learn how to use your own manure as fertilizer if you're in the country -- as the far East has done for centuries. There's a way, and it's safe.†

Solid waste: boycott wasteful Sunday papers which use up trees, and add vastly to the solid waste of the city. Refuse paper bags at the store. Organize park and street cleanup festivals. Don't waste -- (a monk and an old master were once walking in the mountains. They noticed a little hut upstream. The monk said, "A wise hermit must live there." The master said, "That's no wise hermit, you see that lettuce leaf floating down the stream, he's a Waster." Just then an old man came running down the hill with his beard flying and caught the floating lettuce leaf.)

our own heads: Part of the trouble with talking about DDT is that the use of it is not just a practical device; it's almost an establishment religion. There is something in western culture that wants to totally wipe out creepy-crawlies and feels repugnance for toadstools and snakes. This is fear of one's own deepest natural inner-self wilderness areas, and the answer is, relax. Relax around bugs, snakes, and your own hairy dreams. Again farmers can and should share their crop with a certain percentage of buglife as "paying their dues". Thoreau says, "How then can the harvest fail? Shall I not rejcice also at the abundance of the weeds whose seeds are the granary of the birds? It matters little comparatively whether the fields fill the farmer's barns. The true husbandman will cease from anxiety, as the squirrels manifest no concern whether the woods will bear chestnuts this year or not, and finish his labor with every day, relinquish all claim to the produce of his fields, and sacrificing in his mind not only his first but his last fruits also." In the realm of thought, inner experience, consciousness, as in the outward realm of interconnection, there is a difference between a balanced cycle, and the excess which cannot be handled. When the balance is right, the mind recycles from highest illumination to the stillness of dreamless sleep; the alchemical "transmutation."

† Usually aging in concrete vats or cisterns sunk in the earth adjoining the field is the only processing. After about 2 months the material is a consistent fluid which can be ladled or pumped into the soil between the rows of plants. Problems of worms and disease in Japan are negligible.

3 CONSUMPTION

The Condition

position: Consumption is also a matter of balances and the problems that arise with excess. "The Wanton Boy that kills a fly shall feel the Spider's enmity."

situation: Man's use of dozens of "resources" and his total dependence on certain of them (like dependence on fossil fuels) exhausts certain presences in the biosphere with incalculable results on the other members of the network: while rendering mankind vulnerable to the consequences of the loss of major supplies. In fragile areas animals and birds have all but been extincted in pursuit of furs or feathers or fertilizer or oil: the soil is "used up" and all of this to feed outrageous excesses like war, or a phony consumption-oriented economy.

goal: Balance, harmony, humility, the true affluence of being a good member of the community of living creatures.

Action

social/political: Seek out new self-renewable energy sources. And: it must be taught ceaselessly til it sticks that a continually "growing economy" is no longer healthy, but a Cancer. Re-structure business corporations so that they can function without presenting a continually growing profit; stress responsible, controlled production. Soil banks, open space, phase outslogging on federal land. Protection for all predators and varmits. Absolutely no further development of roads and concessions in National Parks and Wilderness areas; build auto campgrounds in the least desirable areas. Develop consumer-boycott and consumer research power in the areas of irresponsible and dishonest products. Thus: expose the myths of capitalism and the cold war. & Communist myths of growth and production by the by.

the community: Sharing and conserving; boycotting the wasteful. The inherent aptness of communal life, where large tools are owned jointly, and personal objects are private. If enough people refused to buy a new car for one year, it would permanently alter the American economy. Re-cycling clothes and equipment. (Goodwill and Salvation Army are useful: they should perhaps be confronted and straightened out on their pricing and wage policies.) Support local handicrafts in shoes and clothes. Learn to break the habit of too many unnecessary possessions -- a monkey on everybody's back -- but avoid a self-abnegating anti-joyous self righteousness. Simplicity is light, carefree, neat, and loving -- not a self-punishing ascetic trip. (The greatest Chinese poet, Tu Fu, said "The ideas of a poet should be noble and simple.")

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Don't shoot a deer if you don't know how to use all the meat and preserve that which you can't eat; to tan the hide and use the leather -- to use it all, with gratitude, right down to the sinew and hooves. Simplicity and mindfulness in diet is perhaps the starting point for most people.

our own heads: It is hard to even begin to gauge how much a complication of possessions, the habits of "ownership" and "use" stand between us and a true, clear, liberated way of seeing the world. To live lightly on the earth, to be aware and alive, to be free of egotism, starts with concrete acts, but the inner principle is the insight that we are interdependent energy fields of great potential wisdom and compassion -- expressed in each person as a superb mind, a beautiful and complex body, and the almost magical capacity of language. To these potentials and capacities, "owning things" can add nothing of authenticity. "Clad in the sky, with the earth for a pillow."

4 TRANSFORMATION

The Condition

position: The unbalance of man's relation to nature & his selves is partly an inherent existential question with biological and ultimate roots -- birth, suffering, old age and death; and partly a cultural problem. In approaching questions of Being and Emptiness we have the wisdom traditions and some emerging sciences to help us. In transforming culture, we must augment the philosophical perceptions with a deep study of history and anthropology.

situation: Our civilized -- and probably most other -- societies of the last three millenia have functioned well enough up to this point. But they no longer have survival value. They are now anti-survival.

goal: Nothing short of total transformation will work. What we envision is a planet on which the human population lives harmoniously and dynamically by employing a sophisticated and unobtrusive technology in a world environment which is "left natural." Specific points in this vision:

A healthy and spacious population of all races, much less in number than today.

Cultural and individual pluralism, unified by a type of world tribal council. Division by natural and cultural areas rater than arbitrary political boundaries.

A Technology of communication and quiet transportation: land use being sensitive to the properties of each region. Allowing, thus, the bison to return to much of the high plains. Careful but intensive agriculture in the great alluvial valleys. Computer technicians who run the plant part of the year and walk along with the Elk in their migration during the rest.

A basic cultural outlook and social organization that inhibits power and property-seeking while encouraging exploration and challenge in things like healing songs, flute-playing, meditation, mathematics, mountaineering, and all the other possible ways of authentic being-in-the-world. Women totally free and equal. A new kind of family -- responsible, but more festive and relaxed -- is implicit.

Action

social/political: It seems evident that there are throughout the world certain social and religious forces that have worked throughout history toward an ecologically/culturally enlightened state of affairs. Let these be encouraged: Alchemists, hip Marxists, Anarchists, Third Worlds, Teilhard and crypto-Gnostic Cathòlics, Druids, Witches, Taoists, Biologists, Yogins, Quakers, Tibetans, Zens, Shamans, Sufis, Amish and Mennonite, American Indians, Polynesians -- all primitive cultures, all communal and ashram movements of all persuasions, etc. The list is long. Since it doesn't seem practical or even desirable to think that direct bloody force will achieve anything, it would be best to consider this a continuing "revolution of consciousness" which will be won not by guns, but by seizing the key images, myths, archetypes, eschatologies, and ecstasies so that life won't seem worth living unless one's on the transforming energy's side.

our community: Without falling into a facile McLuhanism, we can hope to use the media. New schools, new classes -- walking in the woods and cleaning up the streets. Let no one be ignorant of the facts of biology and related disciplines; bring up our children with natural things and a taste of the wild. Let some groups establish themselves in backwater rural areas and flourish, let others maintain themselves in the urban centers, and let them work together; a two-way flow of experience, people, money and home-grown vegetables. Investigating new lifestyles is our work -- as is the exploration of Ways to change one's inner world -- with the known dangers of crashing that go with such. We should work where it helps with political people, hoping to enlarge their vision. And with people of all varieties of politics or ideologies at whatever point they become aware of environmental urgencies. Master the archaic and the primitive, as models of basic nature-related cultural sytles, as well as the most imaginative future possibilities of science and technology, and build a community where these two vectors cross.

our own heads: Is where it starts. Knowing that we are the first human beings in history to have all of man's culture and previous experience available to our study, and being free enough of the weight of traditional cultures to seek out a larger identity. --The first members of a civilized society since the early Neolithic to wish to look clearly into the eyes of the wild and see our selfhood, our family, there. We have these advantages to set off the obvious disadvantages of being as screwed up as we are -- which gives us a fair chance to penetrate into some of the riddles of ourselves & the universe, and to go beyond the idea of "man's survival" or "the survival of the biosphere" and to draw our strength from the realization that at the heart of things is some kind of serene and ecstatic process which is actually beyond qualities and beyond birth - and - death. "No need to survive!" "In the fires that destroy the universe at the end of the kalpa, what survives?" --"The iron tree blooms in the void!"

Knowing that nothing need be done, is where we begin to move from

CITIZEN KANE
MON., JUNE 8 6:00 & 8:30 P.M.
No advertisement is needed for *Citizen Kane*, one of the cinema's few undisputed masterpieces, superb in its sweep and flow, in its rich and subtle detail, and its portrait of a ruthless tycoon — clearly modelled on William Randolph Hearst. The film's audacity and authority improve with the years. — M.W. (1940. With Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead. 119 mins. Courtesy of Janus Films. Also, *Hearts of Age*, the first public screening of a 15-minute Welles short, made in 1934.

THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS
TUE., JUNE 9 6:00 & 9:30 P.M.
An affectionate, nostalgic lament for 19th-century small-town America, the old, settled values violently displaced by industrial materialism. Based on Booth Tarkington's novel of life in Indianapolis in the early years of the century, it recalls Welles's own childhood. Abandoned by Welles at the editing stage and heavily cut, the film is a beautiful shadow of the original concept: slow, sad and containing some superb performances. — M.W. (1942. With Joseph Cotten, Dolores Costello, Anne Baxter and Agnes Moorehead. 88 mins.) Also:
JOURNEY INTO FEAR
Thrills and intrigue in the Middle East — a tough, exotic thriller based on Eric Ambler's novel. Chiefly directed by Norman Foster, to free Welles for his abortive project *It's All True*, the film is uneven but often brilliant. Welles directed the sequences in which he appears — as the Turkish chief of police. The evocation of an overcrowded ship — the tension mounting unbearably as the paid assasin stalks his prey, the dazzling camerawork and strong characterizations, all make the film essential viewing. — M.W. (1943. With Joseph Cotten, Dolores del Rio, Everett Sloane and Agnes Moorehead. 82 mins. Both films courtesy of Janus).

THE STRANGER
WED., JUNE 10 6:00 & 9:30 P.M.
Welles in Hitchcock territory. An escaped Nazi criminal is tracked to earth in a small New England town. Edward G. Robinson plays the FBI sleuth, amiable, unruffled and pipe-smoking. Welles is the Nazi, of course; one of his finest performances — evil hidden behind an urbane mask, a respected figure in the community. There are fewer visual pyrotechnics than in Welles' earlier films, but the spectacular denouement is not to be missed: — M.W. (1946. 95 mins. With Loretta Young. Courtesy of United Artists). Also:
THE LADY FROM SHANGHAI
In contrast to *The Stranger*, this is Welles' most dazzling excursion into the baroque. The plot is like a hall of mirrors, and appropriately it ends in one, with Rita Hayworth and Everett Sloane shooting away at splintered reflections. Welles plays the Irish sailor who emerges unscathed protected from his murderous employers by a massive innocence. A commercial disaster when it first appeared, *The Lady from Shanghai* has since acquired a deservedly high reputation. — M.W. (1947. 86 mins. Courtesy of Columbia Pictures).

OTHELLO
THUR., JUNE 11 6:00 & 9:30 P.M.
An extraordinary, greatly underrated adaptation of Shakespeare's play. The locations — Venice, and Mogador in Morocco — are most imaginatively used. Welles bestrides the scene like a colossus — one of the great Othellos, finely supported by Michael MacLiammoir's malevolent Iago. The film excites and dazzles; it's difficult to believe that it was shot over a period of years on a scratch budget. — M.W. (1952. 91 mins. Courtesy of Orson Welles).
TOUCH OF EVIL
A black melodrama that offers fascinating comparisons with Macbeth. It is set in a Mexican border town that, like Dunsinane, is a microcosm of corruption. "Paradoxically as ever, Welles relished his horrible creation. The film proves that he is as much in love with the contemporary world of violence, of thrown bombs and shrieking victims, of probing torches and rock 'n' roll's feral savagery, as he is devoted to the elegant past. This is a work of total passion, delivered at the volume of an ambulance siren." — Charles Higham. (1957. With Orson Welles, Charles Heston, Janet Leigh and Akim Tamiroff. 93 mins. Courtesy of Universal Pictures).

MR. ARKADIN
(CONFIDENTIAL REPORT)
FRI., JUNE 12 6:00 P.M.
"The basic thesis is intriguing. A man dies suddenly amid the looming crates of a Naples freight yard, blurting out information that leads Van Stratten to a meeting with the fabulous Arkadin, who wants every detail of his unsavory past rediscovered and — by means of a series of murders — blotted out. The purpose is to conceal Arkadin's own wickedness from his daughter. It is the story of a search and its thwarting by the quarry who started it, told with maddening, eccentric weirdness. The film fascinates as a record of an obsession. Underneath all the bad recording, the jumble of accents, and the disconcerting sound of Welles's own voice cropping up to dub character after character, there is a strong narrative thread." — Charles Higham. (1955. With Orson Welles, Michael Redgrave and Akim Tamiroff. 99 mins.) Also:
MACBETH
Welles' intent was to make of *Macbeth* a drama of inexorable fate, the characters trapped and helpless. Atmospherically the concept is well realized: as Charles Higham describes it "this is a film of interior observation; the whole black, labryinthine, mist-wreathed pile of Dunsinane sweating with dew is a precise reflection of Macbeth's tortured mind and soul." Though the film is ultimately crippled by poor sound and confused cutting, it still has the power to move us. —M.W. (1948. With Orson Welles, Jeannette Nolan. 86 mins.)

THE TRIAL
FRI., JUNE 12 9:30 P.M.
Like *The Lady from Shanghai*, *The Trial* was a *film maudit*, greeted with enthusiasm in Europe, but universally derided in America. Undoubtedly there's gulf between intent and achievement, but, for me, the film has a hallucinatory quality. It's less Kafka than Welles; a nightmarish vision of the drab terrors of modern totalitarian regimes. Perhaps this explains the film's critical reception; though it was made in English — mainly in the deserted Gare d'Orsay in Paris — its world is far closer to the European experience. — M.W. (1962. With Anthony Perkins, Orson Welles and Jeanne Moreau. 120 mins.).

CHIMES AT MIDNIGHT
(FALSTAFF)
SAT., JUNE 13 6:30 & 9:00 P.M.
"Like so many of his films, *Chimes at Midnight* asserts Welles's emphasis on the mortality of human beings, on their essential fragility. While Falstaff carouses in the tavern with Prince Hal, we already see that ahead of them both lie two deaths: for Hal the death of his youth, killed by his assumption of power; for Falstaff the death of his friendship with Hal, and the death of his spirit — goodness crushed by high office. And the film powerfully reminds us of the horror and loneliness of power, as witnessed before in *Kane* and in the other Shakespearian adaptations: no more shattering sequence exists in Welles than the still, cold, and beautiful episodes of Henry IV's 'Uneasy lies head' speech, delivered with agonizing magnificence by John Gielgud." — Charles Higham. (1966. Cast: as above, plus Jeanne Moreau, Keith Baxter, Alan Webb. 92 mins. Courtesy of U-M Film Distributors). Also, *The Fountain of Youth*, a brilliant 30-min. short directed by Welles in 1958 for NBC. (Courtesy of Paramount TV).

JANE EYRE
SUN., JUNE 14 7:30 P.M.
As with *Journey into Fear*, Welles received no directorial credit but *Jane Eyre* is unmistakeably influenced by him. It also contains his fine performance as Rochester. The film itself is a superbly shot, intelligently adapted version of the famous novel, with a notable cast that includes Joan Fontaine and the infant Elizabeth Taylor. — M.W. (1944. Directed by Robert Stevenson. 95 mins. Courtesy of Twentieth Century-Fox). Also:
THE IMMORTAL STORY
Welles' first color film, originally made for French television and based on the novella by Isak Dinesen. Filmed in crumbling Macao, scored by Eric Satie, it stars Welles as a dying millionaire and Jeanne Moreau as the girl he brings to his villa to act out the legend of the young sailor who meets, then loses, the perfect woman. Moreau has never looked more ethereal and the film is a distillation of Welles' earlier work — a fitting, if muted climax to our program. — M.W. (1968. 58 mins. Courtesy of Altura International).

THE AMERICAN FILM INSTITUTE THEATRE

← **Orson Welles: Retrospective • June 8-14**
Canada: New Wave • June 15-21
The American Film Institute Theatre
at the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.

MR. ARKADIN

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PROLOGUE

WOW
MON., JUNE 15 6:00 & 8:30 P.M.
An exhilerating feature by Claude Jutra, one of the Film Board's most accomplished and prolific directors. *Wow* alternates between factual interviews with nine young people and their vivid dream fantasies. The nine form a close-knit group, but are individually very different: their fantasies range from contemplative withdrawal to political or moral outrage. Dazzingly shot, throbbing with energy, *Wow* shows the fusion of French ideas and North American verve at its best. — M.W. (1970. 95 mins. NFBC, Courtesy of Gendon Films. English subtitles). Also a new Norman MacLaren live-action short on dance movements, using new techniques of stop motion: *Pas de Deux*.

ISABEL
TUE., JUNE 16 6:00 & 8:30 P.M.
An outstanding feature debut by Paul Almond, starring his wife, Genevieve Bujold. The most successful Canadian film to date, acclaimed by the New York critics, but shown only briefly in Washington, *Isabel* is an atmospheric story of terror. A young girl returns to her childhood home on the Atlantic Coast in upper Quebec to confront the family ghosts. The wildness of the country, blasted by snow and gales, and the creaky oldhouse, are brilliantly evoked in sound and image. Miss Bujold's performance is beyond praise. — M.W. (1968. 90 mins. Courtesy of Paramount Pictures). Also, *The Rink*, a NFBC short directed by Gilles Carle.

NOBODY WAVED GOODBYE
WED., JUNE 17 7:30 P.M.
Sincerity and simplicity are the chief qualities of Don Owen's first feature: a variation on the familiar theme of a teenager rejecting middle-class values to find his own way in the world. The boy is brash; the parents concerned but uncomprehending; the resolution bleak. There is no false glamor or sentiment: it's a poinful, though warmly engaging picture of the generation gap. — M.W. (1964. With Peter Kastner and Julie Biggs. 80 mins. NFBC: Courtesy of Cinema V). Also:
LE CHAT EST DANS LE SAC
A fascinating contrast with *Nobody Waved Goodbye*. Gilles Groux's first feature is about the end of an affair between a boy and a girl living together in Montreal. Unconcerned by money or parents, their quest is for a sense of identity rather than physical freedom. These are the children of Marx and Coca-Cola; the boy endlessly quoting politics, the girl cut-off from him by her emotional hang-ups. Fruitfully influenced by Godard, the film is flip, witty and beautiful to look at. — M.W. (1964 with Barbara Ulrich and Claude Goddout. 74 mins. Courtesy of Contemporary/McGraw Hill. English subtitles).

CANADA PAST
THU., JUNE 18 6:00 P.M.
A portrait of the country as it was, on a frontier as challenging but quite different in character from the American West. *The Drylanders*, a feature made by Donald Haldane in 1962 for the NFBC, is a saga of a pioneer family who began farming virgin prairie in Saskatchewan in 1907. It gives a poignant and moving portrait of their loneliness and hardships, and of how their eventual success was turned to dust by the great drought of the 1930's. Also, splendid evocations of the early days of the Mounties — *Days of Whisky Gap*, and of the prospectors — *City of Gold*. Both are NFBC classics. — M.W.

NEW SHORTS FROM THE NFBC
THU., JUNE 18 8:30 P.M.
The Film Board has won countless international awards for its shorts: here is a recent batch which maintain that high standard. *Boomsville* (Yvon Mallette) is an animated satire on the failures of town planning; *Walking* (Ryan Larkin) is another cartoon, using line and wash drawings; Bernard Longpre's *Carrousels* is an extraordinary dream of wild horses, employing dazzling color techniques. *Quebec Seen by Cartier Bresson* is a scrapbook of still shots by that incomparable photographer. Other titles will include *To See or not to See* (Bretislav Pojar) — a witty cartoon on the inner man; MacLaren's *Spheres*.

PROLOGUE
FRI., JUNE 19 6:30 & 9:00 P.M.
Ian Cameron of the Montreal Star commented that: "*Prologue* expresses the feelings of the twenty-year old age group better than I've seen elsewhere on film. For once, we seem to be shown this generation from the inside rather than by someone struggling to catch the correct intonations from across the generation gap." It deals with the choice between protest and dropping-out, and is played by kids who are actually involved in that scene. Abbie Hoffman makes a memorable appearance and there's excellent footage on the Chicago confrontation. — M.W. (1969. Directed by Robin Spry. Courtesy of National Academic Services 90 mins.). Also, experimental shorts from Vancouver: *Square Inch Field*, *Inauguration* and *Nitobe*.

A MARRIED COUPLE
SAT., JUNE 20 6:30 & 9:00 P.M.
Allan King achieved fame with his documentary *Warrendale*. *A Married Couple* uses a similar cinéma verité technique to examine a crisis in the marriage of a Toronto couple. The emotional savagery and frequent four-letter words make this a film for the tough-minded; romantic illusions have no place in this scathing picture of two people tearing each other apart. The camera crew spent ten weeks in the house and shot 70 hours of film, which was edited down into 90 minutes. The result has a dramatic structure, great fluency and unnerving candor. — M.W. (1969. Color. Courtesy of Allan King Associates). Also, Buster Keaton in *Railrodder*.

LA CHAMBRE BLANCHE
SUN., JUNE 21 6:30 & 9:00 P.M.
Every image in *La Chambre Blanche* has the formal perfection of a snow crystal — yet it's the most sensual film I've ever seen. Nothing really happens — and yet one enjoys an immensely rich aural, visual and emotional experience. The clue, perhaps, is that the director is exploring opposites: the couple make love cosily in a room that seems suspended in a snowy landscape; images of action and contemplation, destruction and creation, stillness and movement play against each other. If you see nothing else, see *La Chambre Blanche*. — M.W. (1969. Directed by Jean-Pierre Lefebvre. With Marcel Sabourin, Michèle Magny. English subtitles. 90 mins. Courtesy of Faroun Films). Also, *About Pellan*, an 18-min. short on the work of Alfred Pellan, painter.

Booking Arrangements
Booking for the June performances opens on Wednesday, June 3. Members may buy tickets for themselves and up to two guests. Priority will be given to personal and telephone applications. The American Film Institute, 1815 H Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006, is open 9:00 - 5:30 P.M. Monday - Friday. On June 3 only, the ticket office will be open at 8:30 A.M.

Tickets reserved by telephone (347-5792) must be paid for at least 48 hours in advance. Tickets reserved within 48 hours of a performance will be held at the door until 15 minutes before show time. Remaining tickets will be sold at the door 30 minutes before the performance begins. Seats are unnumbered.

Please show your membership card when purchasing tickets and quote your number when mailing checks to cover telephone reservations.

Location
Use the Constitution Avenue entrance of the National Gallery of Art or (up to 9:00 P.M. weekdays, 10:00 P.M. Sundays) the Mall entrance.

Our grateful thanks are due to:
Orson Welles; Yves Blanchard; Peter Bogdanovitch; Joachim Cornellier; George Cowley; Rock Demers; Max Laemmle; Allan King Associates; Altura International; Brandon Films; Canadian Embassy, Washington, D.C.; Columbia Pictures; Faroun Films; Gendon Films; Greenwich, Connecticut, Public Library; Janus Films; National Film Board of Canada; National Telefilm Associates; Paramount Pictures; Twentieth Century-Fox; U-M Films, Inc.; United Artists; Universal Pictures.

Special Announcement
The NFBC recommends that enquiries regarding the rental of its films be addressed to Contemporary/McGraw Hill, 330 W. 42nd Street, New York, New York 10036.

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SCI FI

DISCLAVE

by stephen allen whealton

Science Fiction fans are a strange breed. Their common bond of interest cuts across all the boundaries of age, occupation, background, education, attitude, and politics. Their ranks include some of the straightest and some of the strangest people I know; as well as some of the sanest and some of the least sane.

Washington, D. C. has its own budding community of science fiction fans. I am a member of the Washington Science Fantasy Association(W or at least I will be again when I pay this quarter's $2 fee. I attend meetings more or less regularly.

Like many other brands of semi-serious fanaticism, science fiction fandom is peopled by people who not only like their "thing", but who are also given to banding together. Many science fiction readers are devout, but would never dream of being involved in a group of devotees.

Each year in mid-May, the Washington area has its DISCLAVE. I think that the name is a (typically) bad pun-attempt based upon "D. C." and "enclave". Science fiction fans are rarely given to strict self-criticism when it comes to their jargon. When criticism occurs among fans it is more likely to concern how appropriate one's new verbal creation is to the traditional acronymous body of fannish literature, rather than how good a new word or pun it is outright.

Disclave, like all WSFA meetings, brings together a representative sampling of all the disparate elements who make up Science Fiction Fandom. There are loud-mouthed teenaged boys, elderly people, straight technologists, freaks, and "others". The kinds of humor which prevail remind me of my freshman year in college.

Supplementing the dubious pleasures of milling about among such characters is the definite pleasure of talking with the practitioners of science fiction writing. At Disclave in 1970 was a small, but distinguished group of science fiction's writers. Leading the list was the guest of honor, Will F. Jenkins, who has been writing science fiction under the pseudonym of Murray Leinster for more years than anyone else now living---somewhere around fifty, give or take a few. A statement which Jenkins made during his completely charming, if equally chatty , talk is one that I agree with. He said that of his several thousand science fiction efforts, there are about five of real worth. This is a notable feat in any field of work.

Apart from super-war-horse Murray Leinster, Disclave featured perhaps my very favorite science fiction writer of all, Roger Zelazny. His stories are literate and stylish, two characteristics which have often diluted and polluted many promising science writer's output. Zelazny always manages to write interestingly about interesting and human things, however. The obscurantism which has recently seeped into science fiction from the mainstream of literature (where it held sway many years ago) makes little mark on Zelazny's output, except when he parodies it.

Zelazny talked with another young writer whose reputation is rising, Dannie Plachta. These two men are in their thirties, and are literary science fiction people, rather than technologists who verbalize all over the place. Their dialogues and question answering were interesting, as they were at a similar conference in Baltimore in February this year. For me, their session was the high point of the DISCLAVE.

Ted White, editor of Amazing and Fantastic magazines, was on hand to bemoan the plight of editors. He bemoaned well. A few young writers were also around commenting loudly and wildly in their own ways. The conference was concluded with a surprisingly good parody of 2001, sung, written, composed, designed, and directed by WSFA members.

If you are a science fiction reader and if you would like to meet a few kindred souls, try WSFA. Regardless of your particular psycho-social proclivities, WSFA can guarantee you that it will have a few people who are compatible with you and with whom you will enjoy talking - and a few who are so far from your personality that you will rankle every time you see them slither by. Meetings are held on first and third Fridays each month. Information can be gleaned by calling any of the following:

Gay Haldeman 559-4231
Alexis Gilliland 337-3759
Don Miller 933-5417
David Halterman 232-4095

NOTES

If Congress had any compassion for the cultural side of today's youth, it would rush through legislation forbidding Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young from breaking up. It still may not happen, but the rumors are so persisitent that they appear to be frighteningly true. If ever there was a group that could rival, or even supercede the Beatles, it had to be C,S,N & Y.

There exists within C,S,N & Y the same qualities that permeated the Beatle mystique---each individual capable of both solo excellence and group empathy. And the group was three-quarters American, able to relate that much more closely to the American experience. First there was David Crosby, the wild man in the group, slightly stoned forever and, in terms of zest, the one to keep the group loose. And there was Neil Young, the genius who works like a gust of windy inspiration, turning out consistently fine melodies and songs. And there was Graham Nash, the subtlest member of the group, the one you saw, but didn't always take notice of. And, of course there was Steve Stills, the soul, the heart of the group, the racing pulse. And so you had these four men up on the stage in Baltimore the Saturday that ended May. And no matter who you were, it was hard to believe that they were really there. Or for that matter, that you were. And you just knew it was a crime that the Civic Center was only three-quarters full, because, damn it, if they couldn't fill it, who could?

And so the concert started and Crosby, Stills and Nash walked out and sat down , and "Suite: Judy Blue Eyes" told everybody that it was for real, and each time the trio hit its famed harmonies, the crowd applauded, because they could see and hear the empathy at the same time, and that was good. Then Neil Young sauntered out, "a good friend of ours" as David Crosby said. That first half is the first concert I've seen that has paid proper attention to the acoustic sound. The guitars were fantastic, standing like beauties on the stage; and the sound system that picked up their melodies did a superb job. The elongated highlights were the solos done by each member of the group. Crosby slipping on a couple of chords, obviously into his song and beyond any reproach, singing "Tryad", and then being joined in a duet by Graham Nash, "the only cat I've ever been able to sing like that with". And Nash winning with a lovely little ballad called "A Simple Man." And Neil Young doing one of his songs (his songs dominated the evening.) And Steve Stills showing why he is considered one of the best guitarists in the business, then switching to the piano to bring the crowd to its feet with a soulful "For What It's Worth".

THANK GOD FOR INTERMISSIONS

The second half was electric, and C,S,N & Y were more than up to it. As Neil Young said, they were into it that night, loose and happy, and they played for a long time. They tore the hall apart, song after song. and for one eerie moment something unreal happened. As they sang their latest single, "Ohio", which Young had written just a week previously, with its warning lyrics and frightening realities, the only lights on them were red, the whole stage was bathed in red, as the group stood so damn strongly, warning us and cajoling us and just letting us know that they were with us. And I heard a few gasps, because the visual analogy was all too apparent, though it was probably unintentional.

So then, after a few more numbers, the concert ended, one of the best concerts ever, and I was happy to be with my friends, and also sad, because I knew that I would probably not see again the friends I had just met and gotten to know just so well,

---

A few days earlier, the Allmann Brothers saved the evening merely by appearing on the same bill with Rare Earth. The less said about and the less heard from Rare Earth the better. Suffice it to say that they prove that it is possible for absolute trash to make it in this country all the way to the top... a point already born out politically. Anyway, the Allmanns displayed a very solid blues-based rock, highlighted by Brothers Greg and Duane. The interplay that occured in the more than occassional use of dual guitars and drums was more reminiscent of jazz than rock, but at least it got the crowd into what good music was, and made it that much easier for those with taste to leave after hearing the inept junk that Rare Earth was coming out with.

Rig came and went, and too few people were able to hear them. This New York based quartet has all the makings of a top group. Outstanding material, much of it country-oriented, makes up the predominant sound of the band, a slightly more progressive Buffalo Springfield-Country Funk sound. The presence of a lovingly played steel guitar gave incredible fibre to much of the material. Rig played at the Ark in Alexandria, and if not enough people know about it, they should learn, because some good music has been coming from this converted church, and it's pretty silly to miss out on it. Coming up is the original wild man, Mr. Bo Diddley, and if you haven't heard about his presence and his show during the May 9 weekend, then let me just tell you that this man sets it down straight and funky, and the vibes he sends out are energetic and happy. I've never heard of a mediocre or bad Bo Diddley show, so get on out there and dig the man. He is, proverbially speaking, out of sight. Also on the bill is Tractor (who also played with Rig). They keep getting better and better, beginning to mold tehmselves into a very promising group. But won't somebody please tell them to turn down a bit. There is, even in this day of loud bands, such a thing as being too loud.

COMING UP AROUND TOWN (and hard to believe I know, but have faith friends):
JUNE 10 and 11---THE KINKS at Emergency
JUNE 12-13-14---Monte ROCK- at the ARK
JUNE13-Jimi Hendrix and Crank, at Baltimore Civic
JUNE 14- THE BAND, at Post Pavilion
JUNE 19-20-21-IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY, at Emergency

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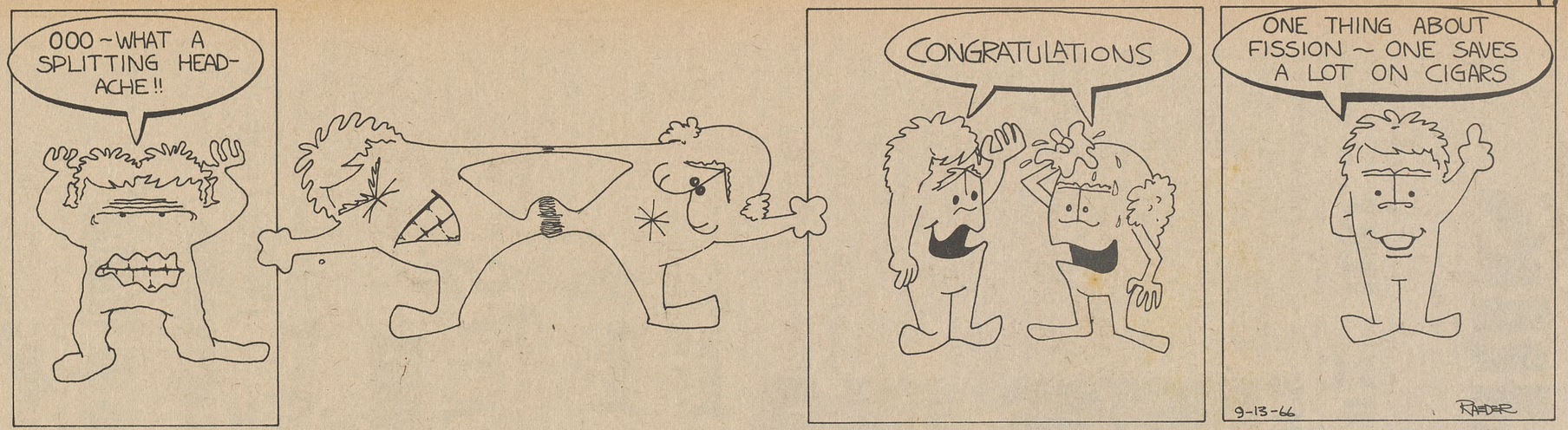
The ARK shops carry records, posters, custom made leather goods, head gear, clothing, candles, incense .etc..shops are open from 2-10 p.m. daily; wkds. from 2-12 midnight. The ARK is located 10 minutes from Georgetown; 1 minute off Beltway-Route 1 North at 207 South Patrick St. Alexandria, Virginia.


OOO~WHAT A SPLITTING HEAD-ACHE!!
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ONE THING ABOUT FISSION ~ ONE SAVES A LOT ON CIGARS
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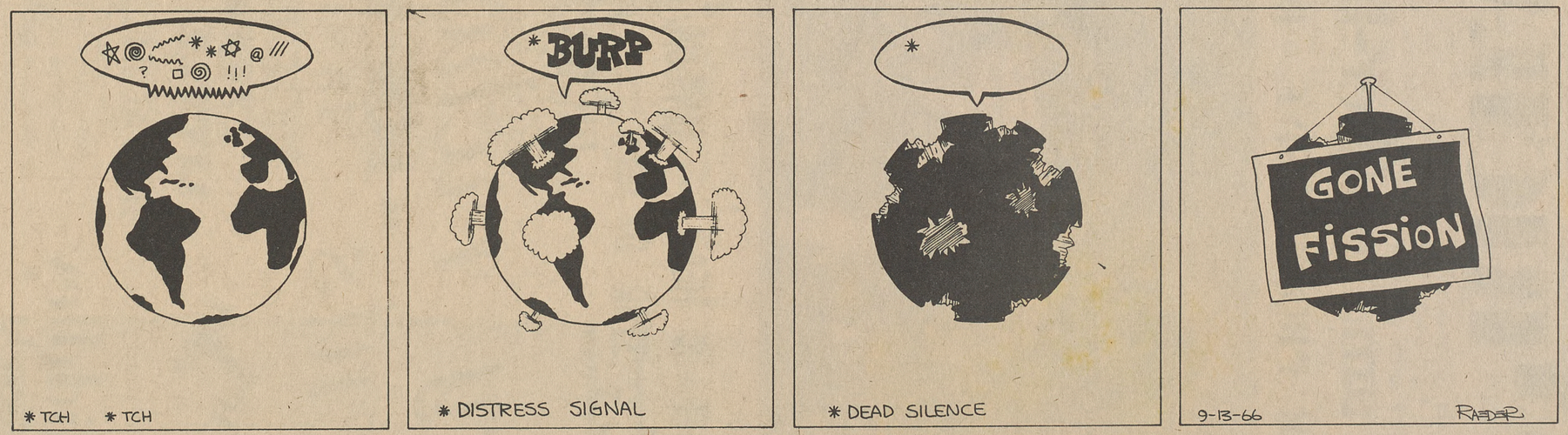
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GALLERY

FENDRICK GALLERY OPENS
JASPER JOHNS' PRINTS EXHIBITED

A new gallery has opened in Georgetown. And what a gallery it is.' Barbara Fendrick, who has been organizing print showings from her Chevy Chase home, opened the Fendrick Gallery at 3059 M St. NW on May26.

The gallery is one of the most comfortable in Washington for viewing fine art. Middle-gray and white paint cover the old walls and ceilings. Plexiglass holders, designed by Mr. Fendrick. have been ingeniously constructed to allow quick changing, yet they do not distract the eye from the prints. The semi-indirect lighting creates a soft atmosphere and is excellent for viewing the art against a neutral background.

The main room is spacious and allows several persons to view the art without the feeling that they are about to bump into someone. There are two smaller rooms in the back. One is used as an office area, and the other has a slide projector that continuously shows color photos of other prints and paintings that are available.

Mrs. Fendrick, a charming person to talk with, started selling art at her home ten years ago. The business flourished, and as the mother of five children, she found it necessary to find a gallery space. She laughingly stated that a prime reason for the gallery was to give the house back to the children. In doing so, she has given to Washington a fine space to view the work of some of America's best contemporary artists.

Mrs. Fendrick specializes in handling the work of American print makers. Currently she is the exclusive distributor in the area for new prints by Frank Stella, Roy Lichtenstein, Josef Albers, and other contemporary masters. She opened her gallery with a show by Jasper Johns, probably America's finest graphic artist.

Johns created a sensation when his targets, flags, and numbers first appeared in1958. Through 1960, he continued to ,ake discoveries with a series of,unprecedented images. From that time to the present, he has experimented with different forms of the same image.

Johns began with separate and unrelated images and tried to produce art that destroyed the edges of the subject. This shows up particularly in the paintings of numbers which are drawn as if they are still life objects. The idea and the result of the indeterminate edge are best portrayed in the paintings Figures ONE and FIVE, where the background and the subject seem to flow into one another.

Johns, through his subject, had solved a basic problem of abstract art in that he devised a way to preserve its principal formal characteristic---the flat picture plane. His flags and targets, because of their a priori flatness, are probably better examples of the subject "holding" itself to the flat plane.

Johns dealt with the problem of the third-dimension directly when he made, in 1958, three facsimiles of flashlights in wax, plaster, and paier-mache. In 1960 he made bronze replicas of two Ballantine beer cans (exhibited locally at the University of Maryland about two years ago) and a Saverin coffe can full of paint brushes. These were called Painted Bronze because they had the labels and lettering hand painted on the bronze.

It was in 1960 that Johns began experimenting with hard-edge renditions of the numbers. Most critics felt that his later works were not as good as his early successes with the same subjects. Some hinted at a lack of imagination in Johns for not discovering new images. He had begun by using encaustic and collage, the paint, and now, in the current exhibition, he presents the numbers as prints.

The Fendrick Gallery has a series of prints with the figures One to Nine (minus Seven) on display. Johns has combined the technique of indeterminate and hard-edge art in this series. Figure Four is probably the best example of the combination. This series, completed in 1968, shows that Johns is not guilty of lack of imagination--he is continuing his experimentation on a single subject by varying the method of presentation.

This perhaps is the essence of his personal challenge as an artist. It all becomes rather evident as one walks around the room; the "new" numbers and the subjects of the etchings---Ballantine beer cans, a coffe can with paint brushes, flashlights, and flags. A master artist is at work, exploring his subject through changes of media.

To be sure, the price tags on these fine prints are high; they start at $800 and go to $1,350. The suite of etchings costs $7000. However it costs nothing to look, and ther are many fine prints on sale from $25 to $100---some of these by Josef Albers.

All of this cab be found at the Fendrick Gallery, a showplace that fills a big gap for the viewer, the gap between the collector and the museum.

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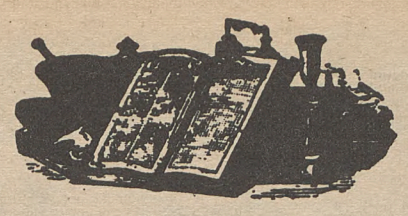


ARCHITECTURE

LE CORBUSIER---LAST WORKS. This completes a set devoted to presenting the famous architect's work from his first buildings to his last. Chandigarb and the Venice Hospital Project are included in this volume, in addition to many other smaller endeavors. Although the text is in German and French besides English, the bulk of the book ream
rm
remains pictorial, either drawings or photos. Especially well illustrated in black-and-white and color, in 200 pages, published by Praeger at $25.00. Edited by Willy Boesiger.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF PAUL RUDOLPH- Sibyl Maholy Nagy, Gerhard Schwab, and the architect have compiled a fine volume on the contemporary designer's work. The retrospective is a good survey of an outstanding conventional architect turning visionary. His important past works, Yale Art & Architecture Building, the parking garage, SMTI and the House of Seven Levels, as well as never compltetd projects are adequately covered in this picture history. Published by Praeger at $20.00 in 215 pages. Drawings and photographs.

DRAMA

ARTHUR MILLER-PORTRAIT OF A PLAYWRIGHT - Benjamin Nelson feels it is not too soon to write a biography and an analysis on the very alive Mr. Miller. Rather quick work is done on "Death of a Salesman", "The Crucible", "After the Fall", and the other masterpieces, in 300 pages, at $5.95, published by McKay.

WE, THE LIVING THEATER- Aldo Rostagno, with Julian Beck and Judith Molina give a self-styled tour-de force on their emerging socio-political form of drama. Twenty pages of text precede the two hundred pages of black and white photographs, that do convince indeed that
indeed that they have something very exciting going on. Published by Bantam at $1.95

MUSIC

NASHVILLE SOUND- "A perfectly authentic piece of America". Paul Hemphill gives a history of Jimmie Rogers, Johnny Cash, and all of Nashvilles' music produce. Country and Western as it really was, good or bad. Simon&Shuster at $5.95 in 280 pages.

POETRY

THE LORDS AND THE NEW CREATURES -Microscopic poetry by Jim Morrison of the Doors. Published by Simon Schuster at $3.95 in 130 pages.

MORNING IN SPRING - Poems by Louis Ginsberg and introduction by Allen Ginsberg. Published by Morrow at $5.00 in 120 pages.

FILM

FELLINI'S SATYRICON- Dario Zanelli edits and presents the film-maker's new work in a book form including a study of the screenplay, and the making of the film. Published by Ballantine in 270 pages at $3.95. Illustrated.

FILMS OF JEAN-LUC GODARD - A barrage of authors contributed to this perspective on the importance of films by the French director. They talk about all of his work, from "Breathless" to "La Chinoise" and "Weekend". A Praeger Film Library paperback at $2.95, in 200 pages, illustrated.

LINDSAY ANDERSON- Another new volume from Praeger, edited and authored by Elizabeth Sussex. She discusses Anderson's films and zeroes in on his masterpiece , "This Sporting Life". A good text in a short 100 illustrated pages at $1.95.

PHOTOGRAPHIS' 70- Still photos: how well have they been u in the past years ads, booklets, packaging, posters, and record covers? A photo can be used graphically? Hastings House Publisher at $19.50 in 250 pages. Illustrations in Black-White and Color.

ART

BAUHAUS AND BAUHAUS PEOPLE- Editor Eckhard Neuma presents reminisces and talks by members of the German School. Represented are Klee, Albers, Schlemmer, Gropius and about twenty others in all. Those familiar with the Bauh will discover nothing new except the bad format of this book Published by Van Nostrand at $13.50, in 250 pages.

INTELLIGENT EYE- This might be a curious book to be classified as dealing with art. It deals specifically with perception- how the eye and brain work together with the mi What does psychology say about semse and what does the ey mean to understanding. Actually, this really talks about essence in art. Published by McGraw Hill at $7.95, in 200 illustrated pages.

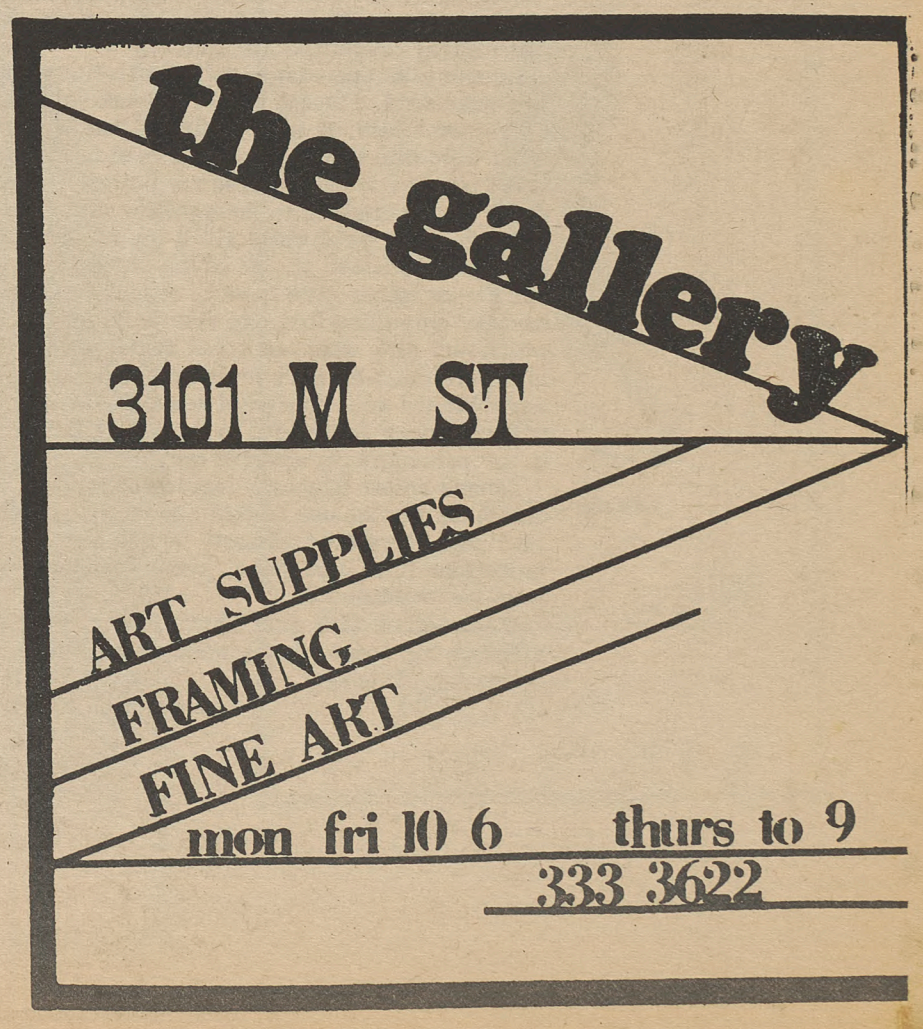
CANADIAN ART TODAY- Outdazzled by the "New York Scene", the arts across the northern border are never seen or heard about. The are actually with the flow of contemporary art and although no shockingly new ground is being turned, they often times outshine us on our own ground. Published by New York Graphics Society at $10.00 in 120 pages. Black-and-white and color reproductions and biographies.

SURREALIST ART -Sarane Alexandrian presents old and new ideas, names, and works dealing with the century's most probing art movement. The broad scope does not omit obscure but important contributions in architecture, and the brilliance of Roberto Matla is recognized by this

author, whereas he has been too often underrated in other surveys. This paperback of 250 pages of text of black-white and color photos is highly recommended either as an introduction to, or a review of the movement. Published by Praeger at $3.95.

JIM DINE - John Gordon gives a written and pictorial introduction to the modern artist for the Whitney Museum of American Art. Almost one-hundred reproductions of paintings and assemblages makes Dine's position in the new realism of the Johns style apparent and appreciated. Published by Praeger at $6.95, in 130 pages, hardcover.

Mark Loewinger



a letter To the editor, and a letter from ...

TO THE READERS OF WOODWIND:

"Paranoia strikes deep;into your life it will creep... There's battle lines bein' drawn... Nobody's right if everybody's wrong"... An early warning from Steve Stills and the Buffalo Springfield.

There are two sides to every issue. The paranoia-crazed bomb-throwing radicals are probably sincere in their beliefs. This does not make them right. The Guardsmen carrying live ammunition were probably sincere in their fear. (At least I kn ow I would have been scared as hell.) This does not make them right.

Polarization is happening whether we like it or not. Eventually the sides will start shooting at each other. It was and still is my belief that taking sides is foolish and can cause nothing but harm to everyone in the long run.

WoodWind's first two issues stated the purpose of the paper as "to create an optimistic sense of community through the arts". Several persons had warned me that eventually it would, has had all the others, turn political. I nevertheless trusted that initial statement. I'm sure the editor can justify or rationalize(depending upon your point of view) the content of this and future issues, saying that it is consistent with the stated purpose. He, for the record, feels this issue does not violate that purpose. I do. Readers and advertizers are encouraged to form their own opinions.

As I have said, I associated myself with this paper in hopes that it would not take sides. I do not wish to take a side. If pressed, however, I will side with a cultural revolution that seeks to educate(and thereby destroy) a culture that teaches that sex is evil and should not be discussed and a culture that teaches that a shiny new American car (which will be styled to obsolescence within a year) will make you happy. But I will not side side againsta government with a Bill of Rights which can be changed by the governed. Changing the minds of the governed is the objective, and bombs are an excellent method. The only drawback here is that bombs change minds in the exact opposite direction from where you want them to go. Minds change slowly. Our parents generation grew up being taught that the black man is inferior, that the black man wanted to rob us and kill us. We grow up knowing better, and, as a result, the black man will come so much closer to getting an even deal. Would this be the case if the Panther arsenals had preceeded King and Kennedy? At any rate, a cultural revolution is necessary. But the people here are more free than any people anywhere, anytime have been. One does not want to throw out the baby with the bath water.

To me, bombs, guns, and fists are all pretty much the same thing. I don't dig them. And not digging them is just another part of the cultural revolution I desire.

I could take this stand and fight it. However, as I have said, I would rather not take sides. I'd rather smile. It was my belief that WoodWind held this same opposition to side-taking. Issue number 7 has changed my belief. I feel that I have remained in the sandbox at the end of the football field while all of my friends have gone to cheer on one of the sides. I don't want either side to win, because I know that the only thing that can rise from violence, whichever side wins, is some restriction of my freedom. I do not see myself leaving WoodWind; I see WoodWind leaving me. I will no longer contribute to it, sell it, buy it, or patronize its advertisers.

I thank editor Richard Harrington very sincerely for the use of this space. Whatever else may be said or thought, he has been more than fair, and more, even, than generous for printing this.

If you agree with what I have to say, remember my name. I may need your help some day. Thanks.

Kevan Osgood

Dear Kevan, etc. and others,

It is difficult to reply to a letter when you realize that your very reply will fall not only upon deaf ears, but upon a deaf mind. To readers not fully aware of the sequence of events leading to the letter at the left: In February, I left the staff of Quicksilver and founded WOODWIND as a non-political arts paper. For six issues there was no political overtone to the paper. The seventh issue came out after the Invasion of Cambodi a and sporadic mass acres on the home front(at Kent, Jacksonville and Augusta). As editor, I felt that it was important, even vital for the paper to announce its position, to take a stand, to make a plea for communication and action. This plea appeared in the form of an editorial, signed by me, and notable for its lack of rhetoric and its conservative tone. Without having seen the statement, and therefore acting on supposition, Kevin failed to hand in an article important to the paper, also failing to inform me of his action. This immature action was compounded when the paper finally came out. Kevin;s letter was written before he had read the paper.

Kevin has made some basic mistakes in the development of his philosophy, particularly in regard to his relation with the paper. The most basic and dangerous mistake is his assumption concerning my attitude towards bombs, guns, and fists. At no time did I, through the paper, advocate the use of bombs, etc. I merely pointed out that their increased use was indicative of the frustration and bitterness peculiar to our present-day dissent. I avoided approval, settling instead for awareness. It is therefor frustrating to see these constant references to bombs, etc., when in truth, they play no part in this paper.

Several other statements irk me. "It would, as have all the others, turn political". I know of no other papers in D. C. that have "turned" political, for surely the olf Free Press, Quicksilver, Red Earth, and even the Gazette are primarily political papers. They were never anything else.

"I would rather not take sides. I'd rather smile." Kevin, explain that to four particular students from Kent State who were ever so close to that philosophy, kids who were not "paranoia-crazed bomb-throwing radicals" but were kids caught in between, the place you'd like to be. Try to smile in the midst of tear gas The whole philosophy expounded by your two sentences is a perfect example of the kind of action that I have called criminal---the crime of silence. It was this crime that I refused to let either myself or the paper be guilty of.

If I had time, I would dissect your naivete concerning paranoia(which you obviously suffer from), radicalism, black progress, faith in governement proceedure, practically the entire gamut of your letter. But I think most individuals are already aware of reality, and no further space should be wasted.

In closing, I wish to warn you. If you truly believe that your silence, your failure to take issue with the realities of today, and your selfish lack of concern for your fellow man constitute a reasonable and himanitarian stance, then your disassociation from WOODWIND becomes immediately not only valid, but desirable.

Sincerely,
Richard Harrington, editor

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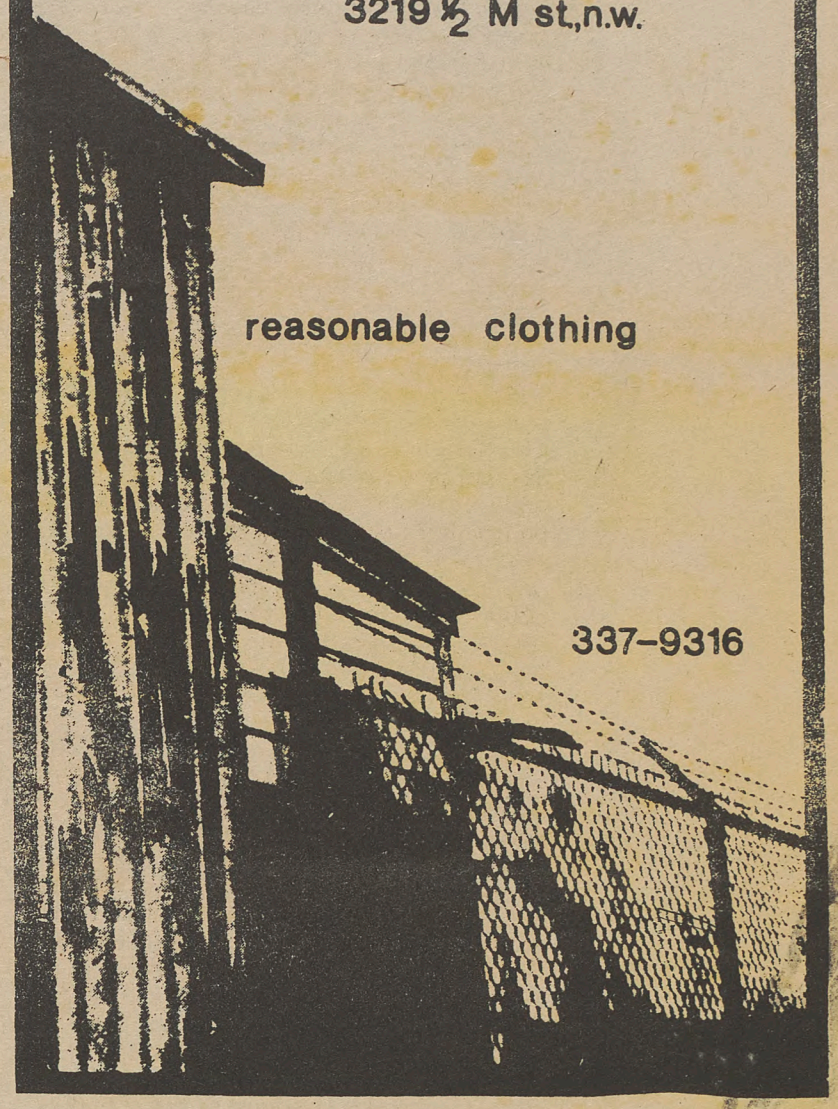

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